The Relief Society Magazine

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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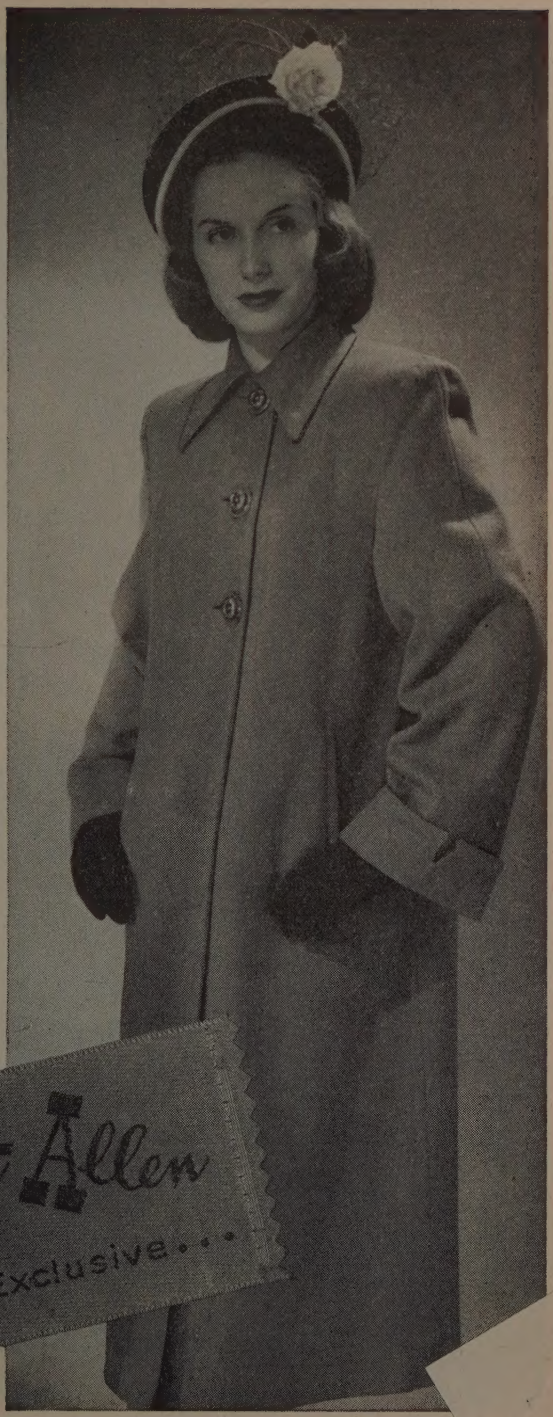

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"CACTUS BLOSSOMS" (Trichocereus schaeferii)

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 36, NO. 4 APRIL 1949

The Half-Believers

Berta H. Christensen

We were the half-believers of his word,
Who felt his power and yet denied the truth.
We were the quibblers, pitting line and phrase
Against the written law. We asked for proof.

We were the faithless seekers for a sign
To evidence his claim, yet were not fed
Enough by testament of Cana's feast,
The leper healed, the miracle of bread.

We neither smote nor came to his defense,
But watched him pass; his weighted footsteps made
Slow imprint on Golgotha's path, while we
Stood silently aloof and half-afraid.

Some vowed that he had risen, had been seen.
Still by relentless pride we were deceived;
But when we looked into the empty tomb
. . . . . We envied those who had believed!

The Cover: Viceroy Butterfly, Photograph by Willard Luce.

Jesus—Lord of the Resurrection

Elder Don B. Colton

Director, Missionary Home, Salt Lake City, and Member, Sunday School General Board

"THE first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre" (John 20:1). Jesus had risen.

It has always seemed so very appropriate that the Savior would choose to rise from the tomb just before dawn of the most wonderful Sunday in history. We can easily believe that the darkness of that night was dispelled with a morning of unusual brightness, giving color to the flowers and filling all the land with beauty and brilliance without glare. How hallowed the morning of that day!

Of course, it was necessary to frighten away the Roman soldiers and that an angel should roll away the stone at the door of the tomb. Comparatively few, however, knew of one of the most important events in all the history of the world. Very early in the morning—without show or ostentation—the power of the Lord was made manifest. Oh, the majesty of simplicity! The stone sealing the sepulchre was removed. The disciples who came first found the tomb empty. The linen clothes which had covered the precious body of the Lord and the napkin "that was about his head" were lying neatly folded in the silent tomb.

To that small group, gathered at dawn near the sepulchre, an angel spoke some of the most thrilling words ever to fall on mortal ears: "He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay" (Matt. 28:6). Granted that this event occurred, as Matthew describes it, nothing ever happened of more importance to the people of this world. He had said he would rise from the dead. He arose.

The events of that morning affected the destiny of every person born in this world. To the soul convinced that Jesus was resurrected, it becomes the most transcendent event of all the ages. They who seek in faith and sincerity are promised that the same conviction will come to them that came to Peter: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." To know that is eternal life. Is it not worth seeking? Let us not deceive ourselves. We are not justified in saying that we may not know until we make every effort to know the most important truth in the universe: "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

The greatness of the Messiah is not usually revealed in pomp and splendor. The whirlwind or the loud peal of thunder may stir within us feelings of mystery and fear, but after these turbid elements are stilled the Lord of hosts stands revealed by the Holy Ghost which is the still voice of nature. Cowper said: "Nature is but a name for an effect whose cause is God."

We see in nature some astonishing things. Many see in some of them a foreshadowing of the resurrection. Something symbolic may be seen. Three examples are often used: First, when a seed falls on fertile soil, it seems to decay and rises again as a beautiful flower, plant, or tree. Second, under the warmth of a mother bird, a winged offspring comes out of the shell a useful or beautiful creature. Third, an ugly and creeping caterpillar is transformed into a beautiful butterfly.

It is true, that in all of these cases there has been no death of the physical forerunner of the new creation, but there is a foreshadowing of the passing from one life to another. Only a part of the human soul—the body—dies, as only a part of the kernel of wheat dies. The analogies are not altogether good, but the foreshadowing is there. We do rise to a newness of life. God calls our spirits out of these earthly temples for awhile and then, having made them clean, glorious, and incorruptible, he resurrects our bodies and reunites spirit and body to receive a fulness of glory. At least, he gives us that fulness which our life's work entitles us to receive.

While Jesus yet lived on earth, he said: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me" (John 12:32). He was lifted up from the earth. He was taken down and put into the earth. That first resurrection morning, while it was yet dark, he came out of the earth. He now has the power to draw all men unto him. More than five hundred people saw him upon this earth after he was resurrected (1 Cor. 15:6). No facts in ancient history are better attested than that Jesus lived; that he was crucified and his body sealed in a tomb; that he was resurrected from the dead and ministered in his immortal body to his disciples. Those men whom he had chosen while he was yet with them on earth and dwelling in a mortal body, now saw him in his immortal body. It was a reality.

Jesus, alone, of all the founders of religions, proclaimed himself "the resurrection and the life." Those who desire and believe in the continuity of individual life in a world as real as this must believe in Christ. He, only, promises that to the children of men. Of all the characters who cross the pages of history, Jesus is the only one who declared that he would lay his body down and take it up again. And he added: "I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it up again." He did that very thing.

MORE and more men are doubting that Jesus was resurrected and that he is now the living Christ, the only begotten Son of God in the flesh. They regard him as the greatest teacher of all time and many say he was a "manifestation of the divine in human life." Others believe that he actually took his body from the tomb and again incarnated or reincarnated himself in that body for about forty days. At the end of that period, he discarded the body and went back into the everywhereness condition in which he lived before being born of the virgin Mary. Such doctrine, however, is not scriptural, nor does it

square with reason. Jesus was the exemplar—the prototype—of the human family. "He marked the path and led the way." "He was the first fruits of the resurrection." He kept his body. He has it now. He has been seen of men in our day. He has a glorified, celestialized, immortal body.

The writer of this article has made a somewhat careful study of comparative religions and of the founders of sects and churches. Not one of the founders of religions ever made the claim of being a God while he lived as a mortal man, except Jesus Christ. He boldly proclaimed himself a God, even the Son of God. "All things were created by him." To an adverse group of Jews, Jesus answered and said unto them, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up. . . . he spake of the temple of his body (John 2:19, 21).

This was said under conditions which, if not true, could easily have been shown to be false. Indeed, his saying that he would take up his body in three days was remembered by his enemies after his crucifixion. The Jews requested of Pilate:

> Command therefore that the sepulchre be made sure until the third day, lest his disciples come by night, and steal him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead: so the last error shall be worse than the first. Pilate said unto them, Ye have a watch: go your way, make it as sure as ye can. So they went, and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch (Matt. 27:64-66).

The action taken was, in effect, a challenge to the power and godship of Christ. The challenge was met. Jesus came out of the tomb, the conqueror of death, hell, and the grave. That is the very thing that he said he would do. There are many who want always to surround God's work in mystery. Let us frankly admit that the resurrection must be accepted largely upon faith. We accept myriads of things on faith. That does not mean that they are not real. Faith leads us to seek God, and revelation from him shows us how needed light and information concerning life and immortality are given.

There are those who teach that our faith in Christ is built upon the "blessed mystery of the incarnation." Must our faith forever rest upon a mystery? Jesus did not so teach. His philosophy was plain and easy to understand. He said: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls" (Matt. 11:29). There are some things we may not fully understand, but the way of life—the pathway to Jesus—is not filled with mystery. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself" (John 7:17). The key is given there by the Lord. Doing his will unlocks the mysteries. Following closely the path he marked brings us to the light of God. If we do not know that Jesus is the Lord, it does not mean that he cannot be known. It means we have not done his will; we have not followed where he led. Our duty is to find the pathway to the knowledge that Jesus does live. It can be found.

"No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost"

(1 Cor. 12:3). The plain implication is that by the Holy Ghost we may receive a testimony and say that we know Jesus is the Lord. In the gospel of our Lord the way is mapped out for us to receive the Holy Ghost. One of the sweetest joys of life is to have that great gift. It brings a knowledge of our Redeemer.

We may know that he lives. Because he lives, we will live. Because he was resurrected, we will be raised from the grave. Through Jesus Christ came the redemption of man.

And because of the redemption of man, which came by Jesus Christ, they are brought back into the presence of the Lord; yea, this is wherein all men are redeemed, because the death of Christ bringeth to pass the resurrection, which bringeth to pass a redemption from an endless sleep, from which sleep all men shall be awakened by the power of God when the trump shall sound; and they shall come forth, both small and great, and all shall stand before his bar, being redeemed and loosed from this eternal band of death, which death is a temporal death (Book of Mormon, Mormon 9:13).

THE prophet Alma tells us that when the spirit leaves the body it returns to the God who gave it life, there to be assigned to the place its life's work has merited. The spirits of the righteous "are received into a state of happiness, which is called paradise" where they shall be free from cares and sorrows. Those who have been unrighteous and wicked are "cast out into outer darkness" (Alma 40:12, 13).

This place called paradise is not one of inactivity. To the righteous, it is a state of joy, of growth and progress. Rest does not mean idleness —that is often boredom. Jesus, when he had finished his work on the cross, went to paradise and preached to spirits who were disobedient in the days of Noah (1 Peter 3:19-20). For what did he go? Just to add to their misery by telling them what they had missed? That thought does an injustice to the loving, merciful Redeemer. He took to them a message of hope.

A great part of the work of the Savior lay ahead of him when he expired on the cross. It was not until he was resurrected from the tomb, not until the spirit and body had been reunited that he became a living soul and was prepared to return to his Father, that the fulness of his work had been accomplished. Then it was that it pleased the "Father that in him should all fulness dwell." He was then in a position to extend the saving graces of the resurrection to all of our Father's children. As Jesus became a living soul after the resurrection, so by his redeeming power will our spirits and bodies be re-united and become living souls, to become inseperable, immortal, and eternal beings forever.

Why should we reject a great and glorious event because, forsooth, we do not understand just how it was accomplished or brought about? The resurrection of Jesus was real. He was not a deceiver nor did he take up his body to later discard it. How can we doubt the actual corporeity of the resurrected Lord, if we accept the scriptures as evidence? Moreover, we are definitely promised that if we do obey the gospel of

Christ, we may know by the gift and power of the Holy Ghost that Jesus was resurrected and that we will be resurrected. That principle is a part of the gospel. The whole of Christianity revolves around that truth. "For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised: and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins" (1 Cor. 15:16-17).

That body he took up was real. With it he ate broiled fish and honeycomb (Luke 24:42-43). When he left his disciples an angel told them: "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven" (Acts 1:11). Why surround the event with mystery? Often the grandest things are simple when we understand them. The Creator of heaven and earth had power to lay down his life and take his body up from the tomb. Then, surely, he has power to call all men from their graves. "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive" (1 Cor. 15:22).

During one of his last talks with his disciples before his ascension into heaven, Jesus said: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth" (Matt. 28:18). His authority and power are supreme. He is Lord omnipotent, "who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God" (Phil. 2:6).

That he did cause others to be resurrected is shown by the following scripture: "And the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many" (Matt. 27:52-53).

This occurred after the resurrection of the Lord. He was the "first fruits" of the resurrection. There is no question about those who slept in the graves being raised from the dead. If many were resurrected, all can and will be. "And shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation" (John 5:29). In another place John further states:

> And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works (Rev. 20:12-13).

The question asked by Job: "If a man die, shall he live again?" was answered. For thousands of years men have asked that question. The answer came, after the cross, on the first Easter morning when Christ, "the first born of every creature," came out of the tomb. If man die, he shall live again.

To Latter-day Saints, the resurrection is a glorious event to which they look forward. Easter is fraught with deep meaning. Faithful ones who appreciate the "author and finisher of their faith" in their hearts join in the glad cry: "Hosanna! Blessed be the name of the Most High God!"

The Boy There

Christie Lund Coles

DENNY lifted the small dog higher on his shoulder, slowed his step, and leaned against the barn to catch his breath. He stroked the small black and white animal saying, "Nice little feller. What's your name?"

The dog whined, and, suddenly, the boy winced as he noticed a bleeding gash on one hind leg.

"Gee," he murmured, gently, "we'll fix it. You'll be okay. If Pa will let me keep you, I'll name you Tip. I'll take good care of you."

He leaned forward to look around the corner of the barn. His father was in from the fields for lunch. Right now he was bending his dark head under the water pump, washing for lunch. It would be a good time to ask him. He started forward, then he paused fascinated and afraid at the sight of his father's large hand lifting and lowering the pump handle. Denny felt sick with shame, remembering that it took all his strength and both hands to work it . . . and then the water never poured out like it was doing now.

His Pa was a handsome man as he shook the water from his hair and dried his hands. He was six feet, three inches tall and was stronger than any man in towns around here. Once, he had seen him lift a wagon box with one hand. Maybe that was why he was so frightening to him . . . because he was so big and so sure of himself, because he talked too loud. When he was angry his voice was like thunder or the roar of a big flood, the kind Pa told him they used to have in the valley beneath here.

Still . . . he loved his father with a stronger, different kind of love than that for his mother. It was a sort of reaching up, of aching for the man's regard, though he supposed he'd never really win that, for once he had heard him say to his wife, "To think that I sired that little runt." There had been laughter in his voice, but Denny hurt inside whenever he thought of it.

He was a runt, and you couldn't blame Pa for wanting a big son, one who could help in the fields, and with the horses, instead of him who stood shaking here, scared to go and ask if he might keep the poor, hurt critter in his arms.

It wasn't that Pa ever hurt him, or that he would now. It was likely he'd just say, "That ain't a dog, that's a contamination," or something like that.

His father liked big dogs, like Shep who had been gored by a bull while trying to pasture it. Denny had loved Shep, too, but there was something about a little dog like this one that made him feel strong and good. He could pick him up, talk to him, though he had to be careful of the sore leg that was still bleeding.

Even if Pa wouldn't let him have the dog he would help fix the leg. He couldn't see any animal suffer. He had tears in his eyes the day he buried Shep, when he put his hand on Denny's shoulder and said,

"Don't feel bad, boy. He died doin' his job. There ain't no better way than that."

DENNY watched his Pa take a long drink of water from the tin dipper hanging beside the well, saw him put the dipper in place, plant his hands on his hips, and gaze far out over the west field that was plowed and ready to be planted with the early wheat. He looked happy, maybe now was as good a time as any to ask him about the dog. He couldn't wait much longer for the little fellow was beginning to struggle against the pressure of his arm.

Breathing deeply, he stepped forward, started up the path between the chicken coop and the rabbit hutch, past the woodpile, over the chips that covered the walk, up to the enormous oak tree whose lacy shade reached from here to the well and even up to the kitchen porch. His father couldn't see him, so he paused once more to catch his breath.

Suddenly, Pa made a motion as though starting for the house and Denny hurried forward, almost stumbling to the ground as he did so.

Pa heard him and turned. His dark eyes looked first at the boy, then at the dog in his arms. He asked briefly, "Where'd you find that?"

"I found him over by the highway. Somebody must've put him from a car. Else he's come a long ways, he's all dirty and his leg's hurt."

"You don't figure to keep him?"

"I kinda hoped to . . ."

"Yer Ma wouldn't stand it. He'd chase the chickens and bother the horses. That's all little dogs like him is good for."

"But Pa . . ."

"Now, none of your 'buts'. Bring him over to the porch and let's have a look at him."

Denny carried the dog carefully to the porch. Then his father reached over and took the animal from him and laid it on the porch while he bent on one knee to examine its hurt leg.

The boy couldn't look at it. Each time the dog whimpered with quick pain, he felt a sickness in the middle of his stomach. He kept his eye on the tomato plants his mother had set out in coffee cans until time for planting.

Then Pa said, "Here, boy, go fetch some water, good and hot. And a clean rag."

He was glad to get away, to go into the house, to go up and kiss his mother who was standing by the hot stove pouring flour thickening into boiling carrots. He wanted, for just a moment, to feel the good sureness of her body against his.

"Hello there," she greeted him, touching his hair with her roughened fingers, "you been gone a long time." Then, wiping a streak of soot from his face, she said, "Dinner's most on. Your Pa ready?"

"He's fixin' a dog's leg. I found it on the highway. He said you wouldn't let me keep it. Won't you Ma? Won't you please?"

She put the blue bowl of thickening on the warming oven while she stuck another piece of kindling into the stove. Then, hesitantly, she told him, "If your Pa will let you,

I won't interfere. Sometimes, he puts words into a body's mouth."

"Gee, Ma, you're swell. He wants some hot water and a clean rag."

"Pour some from the teakettle. I'll get a cloth. Mind the dog don't chase the chickens none."

"You won't need to worry. I'll watch it, Ma. Honest, I will."

Holding the screen door open with his foot, he carried the basin of water with both hands. He saw the dog lying on its side. Pa was holding the bad leg by the foot. The dog seemed to know he was a friend for, though he would lift his head as though he wanted to bite Pa, he would lick the large, brown hand, instead.

Denny glanced at the wound and saw an ugly gash that showed white sinew and quivering, bleeding flesh. He put the washbowl down swiftly. His father said, "Well, tear off a piece of cloth so's I can bathe this. And hurry. I ain't got all day."

Shaking, Denny managed to get a piece of rag torn off and handed it in the general direction of his Pa. It missed his hand and the man looked up, "Watch that." His eyes came up to meet the terrified eyes of the boy. He let go of the dog and said, "For gosh sake, what ails you? A dog would die if it depended on you for doctorin'. Git in the house. Go on now, git!"

Obeying, Denny started through the door, feeling not only sick, but sorry and ashamed now, too. He wanted to stay and show his father that he could be of some help, but there was no turning back now. Before he could put foot on the worn kitchen floor Pa was up and beside him, putting his hand on top of his head, as he told his wife, "Take care of this young 'un. Give him a spot of the soup you was fixing."

Water rose in Denny's throat, into his mouth. He wanted to bend and kiss his father's hand as he had seen the dog lick it a moment before. While the thought was still warm and sweet in him, Pa touched his head again, ruffling his hair, saying, playfully perhaps, "He's a sissy, Ma," and something seemed stricken inside the boy. When his mother tried to spoon warm soup into his mouth he pushed it away.

BUT the dog stayed, and spring passed with its shimmering beauty, its newness, its smell of turned earth and lilacs and blossoms in the long orchard north of the house. He loved spring, but he loved summer too, especially the purple evenings when he brought the cows home from the pasture across the creek bed where he wet his bare feet in the shiny water, and, later, felt the warm dirt cling and trickle between his toes.

Ma had warned him not to get his feet wet, but he hadn't had the cough so much this summer and he was able to help. He kept telling himself that he'd show his Pa. He'd show him.

Still, he was surprised when a few days later his father said to his mother, "Well, Ma, the boy there is looking right spry. Tim Jones needs someone to help thin beets. He needs him now. Think you can spare Denny?"

Ma looked up sharply from peeling potatoes, hesitated, then said,

"Why, yes, I 'spect . . . if you think best."

"Sure, it'll do him good. Get a few of his things ready and I'll drive him over on my way to see Spence."

Denny hadn't ever slept away from home; he couldn't imagine not sleeping in the same house, not waking to see the shadow of the apple tree on his window . . . yet, maybe, this was his chance.

Still, it was hard to keep a wobbling out of his knees when he saw Ma packing his shirts and socks. He thought there were tears in her eyes—like raindrops in harebell cups—but, when she looked up she was smiling, proud like. And he felt taller when Pa said, "Mind yerself. Do yore job, but don't let him drive you too hard."

He felt like bursting, yet he didn't speak for fear it would spoil this moment, saying goodbye, climbing into the old car beside his Pa—like another man . . . .

Yet, after three days at the Jones' place, he knew that he was more than a little homesick. No full week had ever seemed so long. The sun had been sweltering in the beet fields; the nights had been sticky hot in the small attic room where he slept with the smell of dust and heat. He kept wondering what they were doing at home. He pictured them, morning, noon, and night. He longed for the feel of Tip's moist nose nuzzled against his hand, his small, furry body pressed against his leg. He missed Ma's smile, the questions she asked, he missed Pa's booming voice, his sureness. No one here had talked to him much. Mrs. Jones was always hot and cross. But then she had five kids littler than he was, so he couldn't blame her. Mr. Jones tried to be jolly, but there was something forced about it and he was stingy and mean in little ways, not at all like Pa.

On Tuesday, Mr. Jones said at the dinner table, "We'd best hurry up. Looks like a storm's coming," and Denny, with food still in his mouth, got up and followed the man outside, took his hoe, and went to the fields.

By Friday the clouds overhead really began to move together in great clusters of darkness. It looked like storm, sure enough. The water in the ditch below the field was red from the clay dirt above, the sun that had been bright earlier was dulled to gray—a strange, dark grayness that hung over the world like the faded shawl Ma wore gathering eggs in the wintertime. And now the clouds were moving as though giant hands were pushing them swiftly, making the sky almost black. The air was moist and cool even while it took your breath away with its heaviness.

DENNY'S hand felt wet on the shovel handle; there was a strange tremor in it. He had heard tell of the floods that had come down into the valley from the hills, terrible floods that tore down houses and sent boulders crashing into everything. He had never seen one and never really feared it since their place was on a hill nearly two miles from here.

The water looked red for sure now and there was a flood-smell in the air. He had smelled it once when the creek back of the west

(Continued on page 283)

Relief Society Building News

THE names of the following branches in missions have not previously been published in *The Relief Society Magazine* as having completed their Building Fund quotas:

Amecameca Branch, Mexican Mission
Atlixco Branch, Mexican Mission
Auckland Branch, New Zealand Mission
Awapuni Branch, New Zealand Mission
Awarua Branch, New Zealand Mission
Canal Zone Branch, Mexican Mission
Guerrero Branch, Mexican Mission
Hamilton Branch, New Zealand Mission
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Kaiuku Branch, New Zealand Mission
Kiri Kirk Branch, New Zealand Mission
Korongata Branch, New Zealand Mission
LaCaseta Branch, Mexican Mission
Mahoenui Branch, New Zealand Mission
Maromaku Branch, New Zealand Mission
Matokowhai Branch, New Zealand Mission
Mataraua Branch, New Zealand Mission
Mokau Branch, New Zealand Mission
Monterey Branch, Mexican Mission
Ngawha Branch, New Zealand Mission
Nuhaka Branch, New Zealand Mission
Opoutama Branch, New Zealand Mission
Ounaruku Branch, New Zealand Mission
Rangiolo Branch, New Zealand Mission
Rotorua Branch, New Zealand Mission
San Buenaventura Branch, Mexican Mission
San Gabriel Branch, Mexican Mission
San Marcos Branch, Mexican Mission
San Pablo Branch, Mexican Mission
San Pedro Branch, Mexican Mission
Tahaenui Branch, New Zealand Mission
Tamaki Branch, New Zealand Mission
Taumarunui Branch, New Zealand Mission
Tautoro Branch, New Zealand Mission
Te Awamutu Branch, New Zealand Mission
Te Hapara Branch, New Zealand Mission
Te Hauke Branch, New Zealand Mission
Te Horo Branch, New Zealand Mission
Te Hue Hue Branch, New Zealand Mission
Thames Branch, New Zealand Mission
Uawa Branch, New Zealand Mission
Utakura Branch, New Zealand Mission
Waihou Branch, New Zealand Mission
Waikare Branch, New Zealand Mission
Waimamaku Branch, New Zealand Mission
Wairoa Branch, New Zealand Mission
Whangarei Branch, New Zealand Mission
Whangaroa Branch, New Zealand Mission
Whangaruru Branch, New Zealand Mission

Our Political Inheritance

Elder G. Homer Durham

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THE twentieth century faces the future with a question: can free societies endure? Our cultural inheritance from the past includes the ideals of a free society. That same inheritance, however, includes absolutism, dictatorship, regimentation, slavery, and control. Freedom and control are twin aspects of any society. As modern men and women face the issue of free society in the twentieth century, it is well to be informed as to the precious nature of the inheritance we have received from the past in order to preserve freedom.

Greek Ideals Regarding Government and Citizenship

About six hundred years before Christ, events took a remarkable turn in the Hellenic world. Political society began to move slowly towards a situation where men could live in freedom and choose their own way of life. During the fifth century B. C., democracy flourished at Athens. From this period we derive the bulk of our ideals regarding government and citizenship today. What is this inheritance from the past? The principal name associated with the establishment of Athenian democracy (510-492 B.C.) is that of Cleisthenes. Under Cleisthenes the constitution of Athens was reformed in such a way as to provide for the development of democracy. Athenian democracy reached its peak during the age of Pericles (463-431 B.C.). This Athenian experience has been immortalized in the writings of Thucydides, in the plays and dramas of Aristophanes, and in the great philosophical writings of Plato and Aristotle.

Chief among the ideals set forth in Greek experience is that of *individual political participation.* It is true that Greek democracy rested on a foundation of slavery. The Greeks recognized the existence of slavery as natural. Later societies, rejecting this notion, have undertaken to extend the ideals of Greek citizenship to all their peoples. This is the effort being made in many western countries today, including the United States of America. In ancient Athens every citizen (but not the slave) was a member of the Ecclesia (the Assembly). Public service was looked upon as the highest form of individual expression. The juries of ancient Athens denote the same principle. In modern life too many citizens try to avoid jury service. In Athens, the juries were large, numbering into the hundreds. Service on juries and participation in the discussion of the assembly were eagerly awaited. Not only was the ideal of individual political participation inculcated into the Greek mind but also the ideal of *individual responsibility for the welfare of society.* Nowadays many people are willing

to enjoy rights and privileges. Very few realistically realize that for every right and privilege there may be a great duty and responsibility.

THE ideal of individual responsibility for the welfare of society is nowhere set forth more clearly and more effectively than in Plato's dialogue, *The Protagoras*. In this great dialogue, Plato has one of his characters explain why it is that men are able to live together in society and not destroy themselves. The dialogue dramatically sets forth the concept that man is a child of God, that man shares in the divine attributes. That when "the desire of self preservation gathered them into cities . . . they evil entreated one another and were again in process of dispersion and destruction. Zeus feared that the race would be exterminated, and so he sent Hermes to them, bearing reverence and justice to be the ordering principles of cities and the bonds of friendship and conciliation."

Accordingly, to the Greek mind, characteristic in man's nature are the qualities of reverence and justice. The good citizen should live so that these principles are expressed in his life. In interesting style Plato provides a democratic basis for society in describing how these virtues were distributed by the great Greek gods. As we read further in *Protagoras*:

> Hermes asked Zeus how he should impart justice and reverence among men: should he distribute them as the arts are distributed? That is to say, to a favored few only? For one skilled individual has enough of medicine or of any other art. Shall this be the manner in which I distribute justice and reverence among men? Or shall I give them to all? "To all," said Zeus, "I should like them all to have a share. *For cities cannot exist if a few only share in the virtues as in the arts.* And further make a law by my order, that he who has no part in reverence and justice shall be put to death as a plague of the state."

In another of Plato's dialogues, *The Phaedo*, Plato discusses the great doctrine of the pre-existence and the immortality of the soul. *The Phaedo* is actually the description of the death of the great Greek teacher Socrates. Towards the conclusion of the dialogue, Plato places this great speech in the mouth of Socrates as he is about to end his earthly journey:

"But then, oh my friends," he said, "if the soul is really immortal what care should be taken of her not only in respect of the portion of time which is called life, but of eternity!"

This quotation indicates the great value with which the Greeks in their greatest moments, held the dignity and value of human life. The quest for justice, the stimulus towards training the mind, to be educated, to develop the ability to foresee and to anticipate the problems of the future, the ideals of checks and balances, of limited constitutionalism and government—all these are numbered with our inheritance from the Greeks.

Roman Ideals Regarding Government and Law

The Roman republic flourished from about 509 B.C. down to the time of Julius Caesar, about 46 B.C. The Roman Republic was inhabited by a hearty yeomanry. The story of the Roman mother, Cor-

nelia, is typical. Cornelia was the mother of the two significant Roman reformers Tiberius and Gaius Gracchus. Both of the Gracchi eventually lost their lives as the result of their efforts to help their people. The story is told that one of Cornelia's neighbors called upon her, exhibiting her marvelous collection of jewelry. The noble Roman mother called in her two sons and said, simply, "These are my jewels."

The Roman Republic evidences the ideals of self-government and popular participation as found also in ancient Greece. The Roman Republic developed the office of the tribune. The persons of the tribunes were inviolable. Acting on behalf of the welfare of the people, they were given power to veto the action of any public officer found harmful to the people. In turn, the tribunes were subject to popular control of the elected assembly. However, it is in the field of law and administration that we derive our greatest inheritance from Roman experience. In Rome developed the great *Jus Gentium*. Translated, this phrase means simply "law of peoples," or as it is sometimes called, "law of nations." The Romans had the great capacity in the evolution of their political life to adopt a legal system which provided a basis in principle for equality of treatment to all the people of the Mediterranean world—a marvelous accomplishment. As such the Roman law spread throughout the entire European world. Today it provides the basis for the jurisprudence of Continental Europe. It has also influenced the making and enforcement of law throughout the entire world. Under this great empire with its great Roman law, public administration also flourished. From about 46 B.C. to the second century A.D., a period of virtually unbroken peace existed. This period of time is called the *Pax Romana* (Roman Peace). Jesus of Nazareth was born into this world that knew the *Pax Romana*. The contribution that Roman law and administration made toward a safe, secure world in which St. Paul, the great Christian missionary, could deliver his message has had lasting significance for all mankind.

The Ideals of English Liberty

England has been called the "mother of parliaments." England is the traditional home of government by consent of the governed, majority rule, civil liberty, and representative institutions. It is also the home of the rule of law as developed through an independent judicial system. The net result of our English inheritance is embodied in the phrase "fair play." On the tomb of one of the barons who forced King John at Runnymede (June 1215) to sign the Magna Charta appears the following inscription: "Magna Charta Is the Law and Let the King Look Out!" Even before Magna Charta, the line of English evolution may be said to have turned towards the development of free institutions and the ideal of liberty under law. When William the Norman conquered England in 1066, he adopted an ancient Saxon practice, expanding the same into the device called,

"The Great Council of the Norman King" (*magnum concilium*). From this Great Council of the Norman kings began to evolve, in the twelfth century, the great system of English law courts. With the English law courts developed the ideals and the practice of jury trial, the idea that public authority may not take private property for public use without just compensation, that life, liberty, and property must receive due process of law. Parliament and representative government also evolved out of the Great Council. By 1689 Parliament controlled English government. The foundations of modern constitutionalism stem largely from British experience of the seventeenth century.

The American revolution was occasioned in 1776 when George III attempted to revive the power of monarchy in opposition to the constitutional gains of the preceding century, accomplished in the English Civil War (1630-49) and the "Glorious Revolution" of 1688-89.

What of civil liberty today? The present status of this cultural inheritance will be discussed in an article to follow.

[This article may be used as supplementary material for Lesson 2 in the Social Science Course for 1949-50—Ed.]

Earliest Spring

Ruth Harwood

I lie here upon this snow-banked hill,
A very part of earth, I lie so still;
And through the far, wide silence of the place
There comes caressing rain upon my face.
And in this quiet seeming slumbering
I feel earth yearning for her lover, Spring.

Easter

Belle W. Anderson

Easter is an angel of light,
Rolling dark stones away
From the sepulchre of night's despair
Into eternal day.

Long Moment

Rose Thomas Graham

"I leave her in your care," he said.
John touched his flesh, then laid
His hand on heart-torn Mary,
Bent in anguish as she prayed.
Tenderly he lifted . . . .
The trembling body swayed.
His arm across her shoulder,
They walked on side by side.
There is no more of Mary told
Since the day that Jesus died.

She may have lived her three-score years
And ten, yes, even more.
She may have fallen asleep one night
Ah, many years before.
Perhaps she found contentment,
Children playing round her door—
With older hearts to love her,
And little feet to guide—
Until Jesus met her at the gate
The day that Mary died.

Thunderstorm

Mary Ek Knowles

MYRA reached for the paper shopping bag that hung on the hook by the stove. She heard the kitchen door creak as it swung open and she knew, without turning around, that Bob was standing in the doorway.

Her hand closed tight over the twine handle. She shut her eyes and thought, if he says, "Going somewhere, baby?" I'll scream, because he knows I go to the market at this time every morning.

"Going somewhere, baby?"

She wanted to swing around and say, "Skip it, Bob!" Three months ago she wouldn't have hesitated. But then Bob had been well. He had been section boss at Amalgamated Lumber and Construction Company. He'd been catch on the plant baseball team . . . .

Now everything was different. When the lumber mill burned Bob had rescued five of his workers from the flames. Bob was a hero. He had a medal and a pension for life, but he had badly burned lungs, too. And he would be a semi-invalid for the rest of his life.

Myra thought of the Hendersons in the frame house on the corner and more than ever held back the sharp words. For over forty years Mr. Henderson had been a semi-invalid from a back injury. The old couple quarreled a great deal and since the fire they had become to Myra the horrible example of what she and Bob could become, if she wasn't careful. Two people chained together through duty and obligation, not love.

We'll never bicker and quarrel like the Hendersons, she vowed, and she turned around, her lips tilted in a smile, her eyes very blue. She gave the same answer she had given every morning since Bob came home from the hospital two months ago, "Yes, I thought I'd run down to the market."

"Bring me a magazine, will you?"

Bob stood with hands on his hips. Sometimes it was difficult to remember how ill he was. He looked just the same, his face ruggedly handsome, his auburn hair curling in tight waves. He was wearing a white tee shirt with AC on the front. Once Bob had played baseball. Now he had to lie down and rest after the least exertion. She knew heartbreak all over again.

She said, "Yes, darling. I'll bring you the latest magazines." She lifted her mouth for his kiss. His lips scarcely touched hers. Her mind snagged on the fact, and then she looked into the living room and onto the glassed-in front porch that had become "Bob's corner." It was a shambles again, Bob's pajamas on the big chair, a jigsaw puzzle dumped on the card table, magazines and papers tumbled onto the floor.

Twice already this morning she had straightened Bob's corner! Couldn't he at least pick his things up! She saw Bob looking at her in that new, watchful way he had.

"Something wrong?" he asked, and his voice was curiously tight.

"Wrong?" she said brightly. "No, of course not."

"Well, hurry back."

It was almost the final touch, like the final drop of a dripping tap that sends one hurtling into madness. Must he say that every time she left the house?

She smiled, "Be right back."

SHE walked out the back door, down the steps, and around the side of the house. And her steps took her around the block rather than pass the Hendersons.

I won't hurry back! She started to cry, tears she brushed angrily away as quickly as they formed. She thought, oh, what's wrong with me. I do love you, Bob.

She remembered the scene in the hospital and the doctor telling her, "If by some miracle your husband lives he will be a semi-invalid." And she could hear her words, "I don't care. If only he'll live!"

"You're very young, Mrs. Forrest," the doctor had said kindly. "It's not easy . . . ."

"I love Bob, Doctor, and I want to be with him no matter what happens. I'll never complain!"

And now she could hardly wait to get away. She had been braced for the big emergencies that would arise. But there hadn't been any. After the testimonial dinner for Bob, after the publicity had died down, their life had settled into a dull, quiet pattern.

She thought, I'll be all right. It's just the heat and I didn't sleep last night. Bob was prowling around, opening and closing the icebox, turning on taps, leaving them dripping. She took the grocery list from her purse and studied it. From force of habit she walked fast. Have to hurry back . . . take care of Bob . . . .

The large super-market was crowded, but cool. She was walking towards the meat counter when a voice called, "Myra Forrest!"

It was Peggy Linford and it was quite apparent that she was going to have a baby. "Peggy!" She and Peggy had worked in "Ruth's Book Nook" back in Habberton. Myra's hand went out to the other girl and she thought, oh, I wish I were going to have a baby, but it's impossible with the way things are. "What are you doing in Scoville, Peggy?"

"Phil's company just transferred him here."

"We must get together."

"Let's plan to go dancing as soon as Junior is born," Peggy said.

Myra's throat tightened. "Bob was injured in the lumber mill fire. He'll never dance again."

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry." Peggy looked almost as if she were going to cry.

"Oh, we're not so badly off," Myra said quickly. "Bob gets a pension for life. He isn't in bed or anything like that. But he can't work. He just stays home and rests a great deal."

"And you take care of him?"

"Oh, yes. Certainly."

"You poor darling."

The sympathy in Peggy's voice was very real, and all at once Myra had a picture of herself patiently caring for Bob. She had never thought of it quite that way before.

It was strangely comforting. She pushed her hair back and said quietly, "Oh, I love doing it. After all, I am his wife, you know. No sacrifice is too great."

"Oh, yes, I know, Myra. I adore Phil, too, but . . . ."

"Remember the fun we used to have at the 'Book Nook'?" She didn't want Peggy to say anything that would disturb the picture in her mind, the picture of her sacrificing herself for Bob. Now, and down through the years to come.

"Oh, I'll never forget. Did you know that Ruth is opening a shop here in Scoville?" Peggy asked. "She wants me to come and work for her after the baby is born, but of course I can't. But I know she would give the job to you."

The job would be hers for the asking. And it would help out. Bob's pension was very modest. Her spirits soared and then flattened. "Oh, no, I couldn't. Bob . . . ."

"Even for half a day?"

"I wouldn't think of leaving Bob." She was not aware that she stood very tall, that her smile was heroically brave.

Peggy patted her arm. "You're an angel, Myra. A patient, good angel."

Again there was that strange, new, intoxicating feeling. "Oh, no, I'm not an angel, Peggy. I'm just doing my duty, as any wife would."

THEY parted soon after. Myra crossed ground beef off her list and bought steak. It would pinch her budget, but she would go without something herself so Bob could have the best.

The Hendersons were quarreling again. She heard their voices as she turned the corner. "You can just as well sit in the lawn swing, Zach Henderson! Least until I get the porch washed off!"

"Don't need to wash the porch off again, and danged if I'm going to move!"

Myra was even with the Henderson's now. She could see Mr. Henderson in the rocking chair on the front porch, his feet on the railing, and Mrs. Henderson standing over him, a broom in her hand.

"You'll move!" She nodded her head so vigorously that the white bun of hair quivered. "Or I'll squirt the hose on you full force!" She marched down the steps, dropped the broom, picked up the hose and turned it on.

"Okay, I'm movin' then!" Mr. Henderson swung his feet down from the railing and stomped angrily down the porch steps and across the lawn, short and bow-legged, his white hair seeming to stand on end with anger. "Plagued woman! Think we was goin' to eat off the porch!"

I'll never talk to Bob like that, Myra thought. Never. Someday people would say, "Little Mrs. Forrest . . . so patient . . . never a cross word . . ." The feeling she had had when she was talking to Peggy deepened until it was like warm, sweet honey.

She opened the back door of her house, called gaily, "I'm home, Bob. Everything all right?"

There was no answer. Something had happened. "Bob!" Terror jagged her voice. She hurried into the front room and stopped. Bob was sitting in the big chair in his corner reading a book. You could

have answered, she thought. Didn't have to scare me to death!

"Hi!" she said, not so gaily. Bob might have been in Asia for all the attention he paid. "Darling!"

He looked up then, frowned. "Yeah?"

"I spoke to you twice."

She saw the muscle along his jaw tighten. "Reading."

"Everything okay?"

His fingers plowed through his hair in the quick gesture that had always been a danger signal, but he said pleasantly, "Yeh, I'm okay."

There was a silence with them staring at each other. "I bought steak for dinner. You can go on with your reading and I'll call you when dinner is ready." She turned back to the kitchen, but Bob was behind her.

Oh, no, she thought. You're not going to help me get dinner again! But Bob was already going through the shopping bag. He skinned two bananas and sliced them onto dishes of bread pudding.

Myra grabbed an apron. The big goof! The bananas were for breakfast. How did he expect to live on his pension if he didn't co-operate! She got potatoes out of the sack, plumped them into a pan, and turned the water on with a gush.

"What kind of potatoes?" Bob was standing over her like an overgrown Airedale puppy.

"Mashed. There's some gravy in the icebox from yesterday." The paring knife hacked into a potato.

"Whoa, there, honey. Not that way. You've got a lot of waste motion. Start peeling from the top; use long, rapid strokes."

Her hands were suddenly trembling and the warm-honey feeling was gone. Oh, shut up! she wanted to cry. She said, "You peel these and put them in the pressure cooker while I set the table and heat the broiler."

She set the table. The kitchenette was small and narrow. She placed the steak in the broiler pan. She reached for the salt and stumbled into Bob.

He said, "Whoops!" and grinned.

She grabbed the salt shaker, turned back. Her path was blocked by Bob's posterior as he peered into the oven. "Ought to be pretty good. Don't cook it too much this time," he said.

"I won't. Would you move, dear?"

"Oh, sure. Sorry!"

HE moved just enough to let her by, but he didn't go away. He was everywhere she turned, his big feet in the way for her to stumble over. She picked up the long-handled fork. Bob bent over the oven again. She took a deep breath, quickly handed the fork to him. "Would you mind watching the steak." She fled to the front room.

Magazines were spread over the floor in Bob's corner, all open, in some kind of crazy order. She picked them up, stacked them in a neat pile and a thought was torturing her . . . . I'm not a noble person. I'm mean and small inside or I wouldn't feel as I do. But if you weren't noble, you made yourself so. She strengthened the frayed fabric of her soul with good resolutions.

"Steak's done, honey!"

Just outside the kitchen door she stopped and she felt suddenly des-

perate. Dinner with Bob and her sitting across from each other not talking. After two months of each other's company twenty-four hours a day—what was there left to talk about! No reliving a ball game, deciding what Smith should have done on second base when George hit a two-bagger. No office gossip . . . .

Dinner was an ordeal. Twice she started to mention her meeting with Peggy and then stopped. Peggy . . . that would make Bob remember dancing. She was relieved when Bob put his napkin down and stood up.

"You go and rest while I wash the dishes." She didn't mention that she was going to iron afterwards. Maybe he would sleep until she was through.

She knew some degree of peace washing the dishes alone. There was no sound from the other room. Quietly she pulled the ironing board down from the wall. It squeaked on its hinges. She heard Bob coming. *Not again.* Not ironing while Bob kibitzed, "Look, honey, if you'll just be a bit more scientific, that shirt's going to be a whole lot easier to iron . . ." Swiftly, she put the board back again. She was securing the door just as Bob walked into the kitchen.

"Aren't you going to iron?" He looked disappointed.

"No, I'm tired. Thought I'd finish that story I started last night." She walked past him into the living room. It was incredible that in the few minutes Bob had been alone he could have so wrecked his corner. But he had. Again the magazines were spread out open on the floor. She bent and picked one up, straightened slowly, as Bob yelled, "Leave my things alone. It took me fifteen minutes to fix them just the way I wanted!"

Bob had an expression on his face like Mr. Henderson when he stomped down the porch steps. Myra bent and placed the magazine back on the floor and she had a picture of herself through the years, growing thin and frail, looking after Bob. Poor little Mrs. Forrest . . . a veritable angel . . . . It was a touching picture.

She said gently, "I'm sorry, darling. I didn't realize . . . ."

"You're not sorry! Why don't you say what you really think! It annoys you the way I mess things up!"

"Why, what do you mean?" The picture of the frail, patient Myra was no longer touching. There was a tenseness in the air like the ominous quiet before a storm.

Bob's fingers ruffled his hair and his words ripped through the air like forked lightning. "I'm fed up with your Florence Nightingale role. You're getting to be a martyr and you're beginning to enjoy it!"

"A martyr! You've got a lot of nerve!" The anger within her ignited like gasoline, and all at once the grievances she had held back came flaming out.

They stood in the center of the room shouting at each other, and their words were like claps of thunder.

"If you're so fed up, why don't you leave me, then?" he growled.

"I will. I'm going to get a job at the bookstore!"

"I wish you would!"

(*Continued on page 281*)

Josef Muench

Of April Blossoming

Renie H. Littlewood

My heart has looked beneath this crusted snow,
To where the brown earth waits the voice of time,
With clarion call, to wake the embryo
Of torpid seedlings, anxious now to climb,
Hand over pale hand, to the golden light.
I see prismatic colors of the spring,
Imprisoned now, but blended in one bright,
Delightsome dream of April blossoming.

Though spring is clutched in winter's fast embrace,
I hear the pulsing heartbeat that will break
The frosted bounds; and then with quiet grace,
She will elude his tyrant hand, and make,
With fluid fingers, deft in artistry,
Of ice-bound dreams a warm reality.

Through the Darkness

Hazel K. Todd

WITH an aching heart Rebecca watched the little girl playing with her doll. The child, with her good little left hand, tugged at the blanket she was trying to wrap around the dolly, then, because she couldn't make it go the way she wanted it to, she held one corner in her mouth while she arranged it around the rubber infant. Never once did she so much as raise the little right hand that hung lifeless at her side, the small fingers curled around like tiny bird claws.

"Make your other little hand help," Rebecca pleaded, but, as always, it was no use.

"I just can't, Mother," the little girl said, indifferently, and straightway left the room, carrying the doll in one arm while the blanket dragged behind.

"Oh, there is no use," whispered Rebecca. Not even the mechanical words of "next time" found a place in her mind now. It was senseless to fool herself. Linda's hand was useless. The little fingers that had been full of pep and vitality only three months ago, were useless now, cut on a piece of glass, made to hang numb and unnatural, all their spontaneity gone. "Wait," the doctors said. "Wait a little longer. Cut nerves and tendons are slow to heal. Perhaps in time . . . ."

She had waited, waited three long months, each day when she awoke, hoping that maybe today Linda could move the hand just a little. But each day went by the same, and each night when she tucked her into bed she breathed again the prayer, "Oh, dear God, make my little girl's hand well." But it was not well. And there was no sign that it would ever be well so far as she could see. And now even the doctor looked grave when he said, "Wait a little longer."

By the window where she stood, she turned her eyes out across the garden already beginning to take on the look of autumn. A few dark clouds floated uneasily across the sky. As she watched, a flood of homesickness choked her, a yearning for the home and friends she had left behind six months ago. Perhaps if her husband had not been transferred, perhaps this terrible accident would not have happened. She longed for the feeling of security and peace she had known, not this dreary sensation of hopelessness and heartache. Hot tears stung her eyes. But as she looked she hurriedly dabbed them away with the corner of her apron, for she could see her neighbor, Mrs. Werry, coming up the path, carrying a half dozen faded gladioli.

Rebecca straightened her apron and opened the door to meet the sagging face of Mrs. Werry. "Come in," she said and motioned to a chair.

The pudgy form of Mrs. Werry sank heavily into the chair while her hand wiped the perspiration from her brow. "I told Hebe I just had to come in and see how you were, you poor thing," she began in

her expressionless voice. "No matter how I feel myself, after all, I don't have a child with her hand cut off." She folded her big hands with the few gladioli in her lap and heaved a weary sigh.

Rebecca struggled to keep back the tears that threatened again. She dared not speak.

"I stopped by little Linda out there," the toneless voice went on. "Her poor little hand. She just can't use it at all, can she?"

"No." Rebecca stared at the window. "Not at all."

"You know I had a cousin who had a boy with his hand cut that way."

Oh, no! Rebecca felt she just couldn't stand to hear the account again, how his fingers never recovered and were always stiff and useless. "Those flowers, did—did you raise them?" she asked.

The woman looked down at the meager bouquet. "Yes," she said dully. "I thought a few flowers might brighten you up a little. I did intend to get more, but my back is so lame. Must be rheumatism."

"You shouldn't have bothered," Rebecca said.

"No bother. Only, as I always tell Hebe, what good are flowers if you have so much misery that a body can't stand to look at them."

Rebecca took the flowers and placed them in a vase.

Mrs. Werry wiped the perspiration from her face again. "Deary me, it's hot. I tell Hebe it's hot as the middle of the summer. Takes the energy right out of a person."

REBECCA half-consciously arranged the flowers in the vase while she gazed through the window again to where Linda played with her doll by the sandbox. She was picking goldenglows that hung over the fence, picking them with her one little hand and carrying them to cover her doll. Rebecca watched while the child collected a golden mound on the grass; then she sat and lifted them by handfuls into her apron. Now she was trying to gather the folds of cloth with her one hand. But they kept slipping away. "Raise the other hand, just a bit," Rebecca kept whispering in her mind. But no, finally the one little hand had gathered the folds of cloth, and Linda skipped away to the doll in its yellow bed, while she sang a gay little tune. But the one little hand had not been quite efficient enough. The apron began to sag and the flowers to tumble. Painstakingly, the little girl tried with one hand to rescue the flowers.

"Please bring up the other one, oh, please, darling, bring up the other little hand," whispered Rebecca. But the apron dropped, the hand remained hanging, and the flowers fell in a bright tumble over the grass.

Rebecca breathed a tired sigh and suddenly became aware of the dull voice of Mrs. Werry flowing on and on like an endless stream.

"And just think of butter a dollar a pound. Seems like some of us poor folks will just have to starve pretty soon."

Rebecca turned her attention back to her visitor. "Almost, I guess," she said because she felt she must say something.

"Well, I must go back," Mrs. Werry said, wiping her face again.

"Seems like there's never any time for a body to sit a minute. I put some pickles on the stove. Such a lot of work peeling onions and cucumbers. I shouldn't make them. Hebe can't eat them any more. Has a bad stomach, you know. But the boys insist on having them."

But she didn't go at once to attend her pickles. She remained sitting and wiping her face. It was another fifteen minutes before Rebecca watched her finally go out the gate and down the path to her home.

"My new home," she said half aloud, as the heavy steps of her visitor died away. Mrs. Werry with her perspiring brow and her cousin's boy who never recovered, and her own little Linda with only one hand. She sat listlessly on the arm of the big chair and gazed disinterestedly out of the window. The clouds had gathered and hung black and foreboding in the west. Her throat ached. Suddenly she covered her face with her hands and cried long, choking sobs.

After a time she became aware of the merry whistle of her husband coming up the path. The new resentment that had been growing on her lately, filled her. How could he be so gay? What was there to be merry about? Didn't he realize that their little child must go through life crippled and handicapped?

She heard his footsteps on the porch now. Again she dried her tears on her apron and slid down into the chair with her back to the door. Now she heard him open the door. "Becky, oh, Becky, where are you?" he called in his free, impulsive voice.

With a half-guilty feeling, she remained silent. Then she felt his footsteps coming noiselessly toward her. Did he think he could keep her from knowing he was coming? Why, he had never even been able to walk without waking Linda when she was a baby.

She felt his two strong hands on her face, covering her eyes. "Three guesses to tell who it is," he said. "So, I caught you napping."

Quickly she pulled his hands away. "As if I didn't know who you are. Who else would be coming here? And I don't sit sleeping. I have too many things to think about," she said angrily, and then she looked into his face and halfway she wished she could recall the words.

But he sat on the arm of the chair and put his arm around her shoulders. "Listen, Becky, dear, we are invited to go out dancing with the Daltons tonight. Look, it's just what you need. Please don't say no this time. Jack told me where to get a good baby tender."

"Oh, Larry, how can you think of going dancing? Dancing when our little girl's hand hangs useless and reminds you every breath you breathe. I don't ever want to dance again. Not ever as long as I live. Besides, I hate this place. If we hadn't come here we wouldn't have had this terrible trouble." She slid out of his arm and, without looking into his face, went out of the room, the hot tears burning her eyes.

IT seemed impossible to go to sleep. Rebecca had watched

Larry playing with Linda, bouncing her around on his back while he, on his hands and knees, was a pony that bucked and galloped. Never once had he seemed to notice her little right hand that hung useless. It didn't seem to bother him that she had to cling frantically with one hand to stay on his back. Then he had played "This little pig went to market," with her toes, and he recited a piece about the beggars coming to town. He had not mentioned the dancing party again.

Now he lay sleeping peacefully while she tossed about on her pillow thinking and thinking until she wanted to scream. It was sultry hot. Now and then she could hear a few far-off growls of thunder, probably the last electric storm of the year. A late mosquito that had found its way into the room buzzed its singsong above her head. Twice she arose and went into Linda's room, but both times the child lay quietly sleeping. At last she fell into a troubled sleep where she walked alone in a thick darkness hunting for Linda who was crying and whom she could not reach.

She was awakened suddenly by a loud clap of thunder. She sat up quickly in bed. For a minute her world was foreign and illusive there in the dark, and then aching reality crept slowly back. It was still night and the night had already been far too long. Would it never end? She pulled the blind on the window and peered into the darkness. A quick flash of lightning revealed a brief picture in the yard. In that second she saw a heap of yellow with the face of a doll peeping from under the cover. Linda's doll! She had left it out where she was playing. The rain would come and spoil its head. She must go get it.

From the closet she secured her robe and slippers and hurriedly put them on before the rain came.

Out in the darkness she waited for a flash of lightning to show her the yellow bed. It came and she saw it almost at her feet. She saw the doll's face with its sleeping eyes and its rosy cheeks; and she saw the golden flowers freshened already by a few splashes of rain, lying close together as neatly as though two little hands instead of one had placed them there. She stooped and reached for the doll in the darkness. Her hand fell into the soft bed of flowers. She paused a minute. A curious thought struck her. It was amazing what Linda had learned to do with her left hand. She was naturally right-handed, and yet, now that her right hand was of no use, she had taken to the other with quickly gained efficiency. Because she was so young. At three it was easy to form new habits. And she would grow and learn to do other things as thoroughly as she had placed the flowers together. God was merciful when he made two hands. She should be glad that Linda had one good hand. And then another thought came to her with vivid revelation. Linda was happy with her one hand. She had skipped and sung as she had built her flower bed. Was there a chance that she, herself, might spoil that happiness in her constant remindings and never-ending worry?

She raised her hand and reached for the doll. Her fingers rested on its cold plastic head. She lifted it

and stood up. A splash of rain fell on her throat and she pulled the soft folds of her robe closer around her neck.

Another flash of lightning showed her the path to the Werry's—Mrs. Werry, with her sagging face and her eternal sighs. Could it be that she was on the way to becoming another Mrs. Werry? Perhaps sometime she would go to her neighbor's and carry a few straggling plants and sit and talk of rheumatism and the price of butter.

There was another quick flash, a loud peal of thunder, and the rain came down splashing her in the face and on the hands. She slipped the doll into her robe and walked into the house, only half conscious of the wetting rain.

Without turning on the light, she sat on the divan, slipped off her wet slippers, and curled her feet under her as she used to do when she was a little girl. It was dark and quiet and she could think. Outside she knew the rain was pouring in the darkness, and somewhere, if it was not too late, bright music would be playing dance tunes while couples talked and danced gaily. She wondered if the Daltons would ever ask them again. She had met them once when they first came. They had invited Larry and her to dinner. But she was homesick and she had come home and wished they were back with their own old friends. Then when Linda had been hurt she had refused to go anywhere. Somehow she had been gone when Mrs. Dalton had called, and Larry, who loved to dance and be with people, had tried to get her to go with him, and when she had refused each time, he had played with Linda, read a magazine, or brought work home from the office.

The resentment had gradually grown on her because he didn't seem to worry about Linda's hand. And then, in the darkness outside, she had suddenly discovered that all her worry and heartache had not helped Linda. It was Larry who rode her on his back, and laughed with her, who kept her happy. A tender feeling came over her and some of the peace she had known in her old home.

SHE awoke with a cramped feeling in her neck. She twisted her head painfully and rubbed her eyes. Then she remembered. Her knees ached and her legs had needles and pins sticking in them. Carefully, she straightened them out onto the floor. Early sunshine was streaming through the window. Remembering the storm, she went to the door and threw it open. Everything was fresh and clean after the rain. There was a sharp breeze that said autumn was at hand. But what did it matter? There was still brightness in the world.

A slight noise in Linda's room caught her attention and she turned and tiptoed to the door. It was ajar and she pushed it gently. Quickly she caught her breath. Larry was there kneeling by Linda's bed. But why? Was something wrong? A quick glance told her that Linda was still asleep. And then she saw. Larry was gazing fixedly at the little right hand, with its curled fingers. Rebecca looked from the little hand resting on the covers up to Larry's

(Continued on page 282)

The Family Hour in Latter-day Saint Homes

Lucy Grant Cannon

Former General President, Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association

Stay, stay at home my heart and rest;
Homekeeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

—Longfellow

ONE of the slogans of the National Recreation Association is "The family that plays together stays together." Brother Oscar A. Kirkham has added to this another significant phrase: "The family that prays together stays together."

Every Latter-day Saint father and mother wants to have a family solidarity. The Latter-day Saints' conception of family and its ultimate place in this life and in eternity makes the family unit the most important one in all the world.

The physical needs of the family are imperative; food must be provided or the body starves and dies. Hence, the physical care of the child is one of the first requirements of parents. But within every person is a spiritual being like in stature to

WILLARD R. AND FLORENCE GRANT SMITH FAMILY PARTY
Emigration Canyon, Summer 1948

The father stands at the swing, left, and the mother is seen at the left of the wagon.

the physical, and this spiritual being needs and requires spiritual food or it starves and dies.

The knowledge which Latter-day Saints have of this dual nature makes it paramount that physical and spiritual growth go hand in hand to build a complete man or woman.

Among the early revelations given to the Prophet Joseph Smith, we read that Father Adam when he was bowed with age called his posterity together at Adam-ondi-Ahman and there blessed his family, telling them what would happen to each succeeding generation from then until the end of time (Doc. & Cov. 107:53-56).

It is the most natural thing in the world for parents and children to desire to be together. Parents long for the companionship of their children, and children long for the companionship of their parents.

To the mothers I really think belongs the responsibility of stimulating the Family Hour. Perhaps a thought we should keep in mind as mothers is that our children are Heavenly Father's children and that we are only their earthly parents, and that we are responsible to him for our treatment of them.

We should also keep in mind that we mothers have the most glorious mission of any mothers who have yet lived on the earth. We have tabernacled those spirit children who have been kept in reserve

GEORGE J. AND LUCY GRANT CANNON CHRISTMAS PARTY 1945

Front row, left to right: Thomas C. Lloyd; George C. Heninger; Bertram C. Willis; Heber J. Lloyd; John C. Heninger.

Second row: Virginia B. Cannon; Jean C. Willis; child, Lou Jean Willis; George J. Cannon; Lucy Grant Cannon; Augusta Winters Grant (wife of President Heber J. Grant); Rachel C. Heninger; Lucy C. Dutson; child, Elizabeth Ann Dutson; Irene C. Lloyd.

Third row: Heber S. Cannon; Bertram T. Willis; Lucy Jayne Lloyd; George I. Cannon; Irene Lloyd; Earl Heninger; Mary Lou Heninger; Owen P. Heninger; Keith C. Dutson; E. Thomas Lloyd.

for this specific time, "the dispensation of the fulness of times."

We should also appreciate that we live at a time when woman and her mission are honored as they have never been before in the world's history; that we share in the blessings of the holy Priesthood; that we have the opportunity of having at the head of our family a man who holds the holy Priesthood.

SO we come to the problem of how to keep the family together, and as parents lead them to seek for the worthwhile things of life that they may be bound to us for time and all eternity.

The Lord admonished the saints early in their history to teach their children the principles of the gospel, and if this was neglected the sins of the children would fall upon the heads of the parents.

It is to be hoped that most Latter-day Saint parents recognize the teaching of the gospel as a paramount duty; that they do pray with their children; they do encourage them to seek first the kingdom of God and its righteousness.

The Church program affords many opportunities to stress and teach righteous living. The blessing of a child should be a day when the family gather and rejoice together that a new member has been added to their group. The ordination of the boys to the Priesthood and their advancement in the Priesthood should be noted; the missionary and his or her farewell and homecoming; the boys and girls as they receive recognition in Sunday School, M.I.A., seminary, and other Church activities all make wonderful opportunities for family gatherings.

Summertime, special holidays, such as Christmas, Thanksgiving, Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays, Valentines, family birthdays, vacation days, ward outings, reunions, and special days, all make opportunities for families to celebrate together.

George Q. Cannon's birthday has been a red-letter day in my life since my marriage forty-six years ago. On that day tributes to that great missionary and spiritual leader are paid and his life's work reviewed. Each year the members of his family are made to appreciate their great sire more and more.

My father, President Grant's birthday has likewise been celebrated, and I hope all their lives his children and his children's children to the latest generation will recall in song and story his achievements as a father and a devoted servant of God and his fellow men.

There are few families in the Church who do not have a background of ancestry that will make any gathering faith-promoting and interesting.

And so a splendid resolution for us mothers should be, "Let's get the family together often."

Spring

Beatrice Knowlton Ekman

Now Spring, with scented blossoms in her hair,
Walks hand in hand with April down the land
And all the trees their virgin mantles wear;
Bird song and hum of bees are heard again.

Grantsville and the Desert

Norma Wrathall

IT was on the fourth day of October 1850, that two men rode into the valley west of Tooele, Utah, and looked about for a place to start a settlement. The same motive prompted them that led other pioneers to brave the hazards of the desert, danger from Indians, and the fear of the unknown. It was the love of the gospel and the desire to gain peace, security, and religious freedom for their loved ones.

The two men who rode into this valley were Harrison Severe and his brother-in-law, James McBride. Other explorers had previously been to the valley, but these two were the first to build homes and the first to break the soil with a plow, so they are regarded as the founders of Grantsville.

Jedediah Grant had come to the valley a short time before, and had reported back to President Brigham Young that there was ample water for irrigation by means of mountain streams. Grant had located the South Willow Creek in South Willow Canyon, and had explored it to its source.

This, and other canyon streams are still used for farm irrigation in Grantsville, and companies control the use of the water. In the eastern and northern part of the town, many farms are blessed with natural flowing wells, so that their owners do not have to depend upon the mountain streams entirely. In pioneer days, the first flowing well was dug by John W. Cooley.

When it was first settled, the community was called Willow Creek. Later, the name was changed to Grantsville, in honor of George M. Grant, a brother of Jedediah Grant. George Grant, a colonel in the Nauvoo Legion, was sent by Brigham Young to take charge of the defense of the little settlement until it could do so itself. Early in 1852, a townsite was surveyed at Willow Creek by Jesse W. Fox of Salt Lake City.

Grantsville is located in the western part of Tooele Valley. It was one of the first valleys to be settled after the pioneers reached Salt Lake, and Tooele County was one of the first counties. It is separated on the west from desert-like Skull Valley by the Stansbury Mountains, which were named for Captain Howard Stansbury who made the first survey of Great Salt Lake and its surrounding regions, traveling clear around the lake. Lakeside, near the shores of the lake, and Stansbury Island, a short distance out into the lake, furnish winter range for grazing livestock.

ON the western side of the Stansbury Mountains is Skull Valley. It is said that one day, while Harrison Severe was searching for cattle stolen by the Indians, he found two skulls, and so named the valley.

The Cedar Mountains separate Skull Valley from the Great Salt Lake Desert—a desert which can never blossom. It is, in a way, a land of death, luring the unwary traveler to his doom by its strange

mirages. The water which rises to its surface is salty and unfit to drink. Even today, with the railroad crossing the northern end, and with a national highway chartered on a road map to guide the tourist, one would tremble to have his car break down on some lonely stretch of the road.

That early explorers crossed this land with no knowledge of its hazards is, in itself, a miracle. It is the opinion of the historian Charles Kelley that men like Jedediah Smith, Captain Bartleson, Christopher Carson, John Charles Fremont, and other intrepid explorers of this most treacherous desert of North America, should have their names and their deeds recorded beside those of the other great explorers of our nation; but so far, too little has been known of them.

This great salt plain was at one time covered by the waters of the Great Salt Lake. The Salt Desert has a length of one hundred miles, and is about seventy-five miles wide. Evaporation has removed the surface water, leaving only a great level expanse of mud and salt. No vegetation grows upon this waste, no fresh water enters it, and as far as the eye can see, there is a limitless expanse of dazzling white salt plain. In dry places, and during the summer, this plain is in parts hard and smooth, offering little surface resistance, so that cars seem to skim over its surface. One of these places, the Bon-

LOG CABIN WHICH BECAME A PART OF THE FIRST HOUSE BUILT IN GRANTSVILLE

This cabin was built by John W. Clark (not a member of the family related to President Clark). It has been donated by Mr. Clark Jefferies, its last owner, to the Grantsville chapter of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers and is to be used to house relics.

MONUMENT ON THE SITE OF THE OLD FORT

This monument was erected by the Grantsville Chapter of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, July 24, 1934. It stands in front of the old meetinghouse which is now the First Ward chapel.

neville Salt Flats, is now used for testing racing cars.

But in damp stretches, and during wet weather, wheels bog down in a mud which is like glue; it must be scraped from the wheels, and will cling to whatever is used for scraping. Early emigrants crossing the desert on the way to California, had to abandon their loads piece by precious piece, sometimes even the wagons themselves, in order to cross this desert. Because of the peculiar properties, there is no erosion, and the prints of the wagon wheels, and even footprints, are preserved in the salt plain.

The first white man to cross this desert was Jedediah Smith, one of those who explored the Great Basin under General Ashley, in the years 1824-1827. Although credit is usually given to Jim Bridger for the discovery of Great Salt Lake, the honors should be shared with Smith and Provost, who discovered it the same year, 1826, each independently of the others.

DURING the first year, the little band of settlers fled to Pine Canyon because of danger from the Indians. They had tried to follow the admonition of Brigham Young: "Don't fight the Indians; feed them," but to no avail. During the months which followed, the pioneers hauled logs from the canyon and sold them to make a few dollars. Prices were very high that year, ten dollars a hundred for flour, and other prices in proportion. But in spite of the hard times, they saved $380 which they invested in oxen.

In 1852, they returned to Willow Creek and took up farming. At that time, a branch of the Church was organized, with Benjamin Baker as presiding elder. The following families comprised the population of the little village: James McBride, Harrison Severe, Thomas P. Watson, William Davenport, Samuel Steele, Wilford Hudson, William Daley, and William Pope.

Indian troubles did not end with the first year. In 1853, it was necessary to build a fort for protection of the settlers, in case actual war should break out. No part of this structure remains standing. The north, west, and south sides of the old fort were of mud, five feet thick

at the bottom, twelve feet high, and eighteen inches thick at the top. The east wall was of adobe, but it was never finished. The total length of the wall was 120 rods, built at an average cost of $25 a rod, thus making the total cost about $3,000.

In early days in Grantsville, livestock growing and farming were the principal industries. Cattle drives were organized when it was time to take the cattle out to the winter range or to gather them in for summer grazing. In this, as in all important undertakings, the bishop of the ward directed the activities.

THE little community of Grantsville continued to grow, and many people who have become prominent once called it home.

Although President Heber J. Grant was not a native of this valley, he spent two years in Tooele Stake. It was shortly before his twenty-fourth birthday that young Grant was informed that he had been appointed to preside over Tooele Stake. He was not happy about it; in those days, struggling to make his way in the world and with many responsibilities, he did not see how he could carry on his business in Salt Lake, and at the same time supervise one of the most scattered stakes in Zion, spreading as it did all over Tooele Valley, and out to the Nevada line on the west, taking in the small towns scattered across the desert. This was in the horse and buggy days, and it was no mean task to make such trips. But, with characteristic fortitude, he answered the call. He received no material aid from the Church, and had to pay his own way to and from Tooele, and, at the same time, earn enough to support his family and carry on his business.

President Grant labored as president of Tooele Stake from October 1880 until October 1882, when he was called by revelation through President Taylor to the high position of an apostle. This call came to him one month before his twenty-sixth birthday.

The people of Grantsville take pride in remembering that it is the home town of President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. He was born in Grantsville, in a rock house built by his father from rocks hauled from the canyons, and which stood near the estate of Samuel Woolley.

President Clark's father, Joshua Reuben Clark, came to the West as one of many who were looking for mines and minerals. He arrived in Farmington, Davis County, Saturday evening, March 9, 1867. He

THE OLD MEETINGHOUSE COMPLETED IN 1866

This building stands where the old fort was built, the north wall having been about 143 feet north of the chapel. It is now being remodeled and is the property of the Grantsville First Ward.

might have arrived at his destination a little sooner, but Brother Clark would not travel on Sundays, waiting over each Sabbath until the following day to resume his journey. It was in Farmington that Brother Clark, not then a member of the Church, attended his first Latter-day Saint service and was deeply impressed by the principles of the gospel and the sincerity of the people.

A short time before his baptism into the Church, he attended April Conference in the Tabernacle. The following account of his impression of Brigham Young is taken from his diary:

> Brigham Young is about five feet eight inches tall, and weighs about one hundred eighty or ninety pounds. He has a good supply of auburn hair. His beard is getting a little gray, and when walking, his eyes are generally cast toward the ground. He has what might be termed a smiling countenance.

Mr. Clark was baptized in 1867, and the next year he came to Grantsville as a school teacher, starting school with twenty-nine pupils. The school was held in a one-room adobe house, a part of which is still standing. In those days, the teacher had to accept produce in part payment for the pupils' tuition. He boarded with several families, eventually with the Samuel Woolley family, through whom he became acquainted with Brother Woolley's sister, Mary Louisa Woolley, and fell in love with her. They were married July 11, 1870, in the old Endowment House in Salt Lake City. Ten children were born to them, seven boys and three girls.

THE following notes are taken from an account of the early life of President J. Reuben Clark Jr., son of Joshua Reuben Clark and Mary Louisa Woolley:

In his boyhood, he attended faithfully his meetings, such as Sunday School and Priesthood meetings. He was advanced in the Priesthood as rapidly as age would permit. He was treasurer of the Primary Association of his ward, and president of his Deacons' quorum. He was a home missionary for the stake.

President Clark, as a youth, was prominent in the field of recreation, and took part in home dramatics and musical activities. He was a member of the Grantsville Juvenile Band.

He knew pioneer life as it was in the early days, and helped his father with the work on the farm. When he was twelve years old, he proudly displayed a cabbage he had raised, at the Primary fair. At the age of fourteen, he started helping his father with sheep shearing. He was always obedient to his father, and has said that he never considered himself too old to ask his father's advice.

Bryant S. Hinckley wrote this of President Clark:

President Clark grew to manhood in the country, and knows something of pioneering. His very earliest recollection is seeing his mother kill a rattlesnake at the back door of her kitchen. In the midst of her other activities, his mother taught him to read and write, so that when he entered the grade schools, he was placed in the third grade. He finished the grades in Grantsville, but as there was no high school in the town at that time, he went through the eighth grade three times.

J. Reuben herded cattle for his uncle, Samuel Woolley. He drove them to summer range every spring, and back to winter range every fall. He knows what it is to stay in the saddle all day and all night, to go without rest or sleep for twenty-four hours at a time. The language and the hardships of the cowboy are familiar to him.

The only available fuel at that time was wood, which was hauled from the near-by hills and canyons. He narrowly escaped death when bringing a load of

wood over a deep and dangerous dugway with a lead harness on his horses which made it almost impossible for him to hold the horses.

Dr. John A. Widtsoe wrote:

The savings of a life unusually crowded with professional and official duties have been used in acquiring and developing a farm. The material results of his life's labor are in the land.

This is an example for the Church to heed. The home farm of sixty acres of fertile soil and ample water supply produces garden stuff, sugar beets, hay, and other crops. On this farm too are dwelling house, and barns, etc. Horses, cows, pigs are kept. President Clark supervises its every operation, and such time as can be spared from his administrative duties he gives to working the soil, and other essential labor to make the earth yield.

President Clark has recently had completed a beautiful new brick home on his farm in Grantsville. He spends many week-ends there. During the summer, his son, J. Reuben Clark III and his wife, Emily Anderson Clark, live on the farm and help with the work.

Perhaps the settlement of a little town like Grantsville does not seem so great a thing. Yet its settlement, along with that of hundreds of other little towns just like it, their growth and development, their industry and progress, have made up the Western Empire. In these little towns throbs the heart of the West. Perhaps if their founders could come back now, they would be amazed to see the results of their hardships and sacrifice. And no doubt many of them would say, "Oh, I didn't do so much." But to them we might say in turn, "Just look what you started!"

HOME OF PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK JR. ON HIS FARM IN GRANTSVILLE

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, April 1, and April 15, 1889

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

AWAKENING OF SPRING: The long, long winter is over, or in common parlance, the first spring month is upon us. And O, the violets of spring! who does not love them? Modest, dainty and fragrant. Who does not appreciate their lovely sweetness? The perfume is wafted to my senses from far off years; or, as one writer has beautifully expressed it, "like far-off reminiscenses of youth." The approach of spring speaks tenderly to me of lovely flowers and hanging vines, of the sweet music of songbirds, and glad hum of bees, of gay butterflies, of young lambs skipping and calves bleating, and all these are most welcome to one whose heart is in sympathy with the pulse of nature. And while admiring all these, the works of a Supreme Being, let us look up and adore the great Creator, not only of that which we see, but of the soul by which we sense and enjoy them.

—Aunt Em.

THE POET OF GOOD DEEDS

If you would make life's journey safe and sure
Be patient to endure;
Let all your thoughts be pure.
Your aspirations high, each purpose strong,
To strive and win the victory over wrong.

Let every ill be borne with patience; trust
And learn from day to day,
To bear your cross along an even way;
'Twill win for you the star crown of the just,
And leave upon your robes no soil of dust,
Upon your souls no stains of cankering rust.

—Belle Bush

LETTER FROM SAMOA: This is the place where women are respected, and have their rights. The men gather the fuel, make the fires, cook all the food, and set it out for their wives. In fact, the women do very little but braid mats and fans, at which they are experts.—Louie Calder Lee

WOMEN OF SAMOA: The women still love to dress in the natural products of the native bush. Around their throats they wind necklaces formed of a dry scarlet berry, or shells sewed upon a strip of cloth. Sometimes a fringe made from the rib bones of a fish is attached to this necklace, and often a spiral boar's tusk forms a handsome though barbaric ornament. Like their civilized sisters the Samoan belles will endure any amount of pain and discomfort in order to be in the fashion, but, unlike them, they enjoy leap year privileges all the time and exercise the right of choice, for time or for eternity, with perfect freedom from a suspicion of unmaidenliness.—Sacramento (Cal.) Report.

FIRST GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY: The first general conference of the Relief Society was held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall Saturday evening April 6th, 1889. Besides about fifteen representatives of the various Stakes the following ladies were upon the stand: Prest. Zina D. H. Young; Counselors Jane S. Richards and Bathsheba W. Smith; M. I. Horne, Sarah M. Kimball, Emmeline B. Wells, Romania B. Pratt, and Presendia L. Kimball. President Zina D. H. Young presiding; congregation sang "O, My Father Thou that dwellest," prayer by Presendia L. Kimball.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. TRUMAN'S inaugural reception hat, of ostrich feathers in five shades of mauve, and her gray gown, worn once only, will take their places in the Smithsonian Institution beside the costumes worn by Martha Washington and succeeding first ladies at their inaugural receptions.

ON January 19, 1949, Miss Alice Eastwood retired from a very long tenure as curator of botany at the California Academy of Sciences. It was her ninetieth birthday, but she is still so competent and active that her retirement came only at her own request. In the great San Francisco fire of 1906, she ran from her own home, stopping to save nothing, and rescued more than 1000 typed plant specimens and some irreplaceable books from the Academy buildings, which, like her own house, were soon in ashes. On one of her many hazardous trips to study western plant life, she discovered the orchid-like monkey flower, unique to southeastern Utah, particularly in the caves around Bluff. In her honor it was given the botanical name *Mimulus eastwoodiae*.

Our own *Relief Society Magazine* associate editor, Vesta Pierce Crawford, deserves high praise for her poem "Within the Miracle," prize-winner in the Deseret News Christmas poetry contest. Besides its excellence of form and diction, it has a deep spiritual and philosophical beauty. Emma Lou Warner's prize-winning story "Repeat the Sounding Joy," in the same contest, was also an exceptionally well-written offering.

IN Washington, thirty-two years ago, Jeanette Rankin took her seat in the House of Representatives, the first woman in America to sit in a national legislative body. Forty-six women, representing twenty-eight states, have since served. Mary T. Norton (D), New Jersey, has held a House seat for twenty-eight years. A close second is Edith Nourse Rogers (R) Massachusetts. Our six other women representatives are: Mrs. Chase Going Woodhouse (D), Connecticut; Frances P. Bolton (R), Ohio; Reva Beck Bosone (D), Utah; Mrs. Cecil Harden (R), Indiana; Helen Gahagen Douglas (D), California; Katherine St. George (R), New York. Margaret Chase Smith (R), Maine, is the only women ever elected to the Senate. There were seven women in the last House of Representatives.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 36 APRIL 1949 NO. 4

The Women of Easter

MANY devoted students of the Bible sometimes regret that so little is told of the life of the Savior. And yet the words of the gospels glow with a lasting brightness which has become the heritage of all who believe his word. The brief paragraphs which tell the Easter story are among the most beautiful in the Bible, and surely they are of utmost significance, for they bear the message of everlasting life.

It is of particular interest to women that the narrative of Easter mentions several of the faithful sisters who were followers of the Master. St. Matthew tells us that ". . . many women were there beholding afar off, which followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto him." Among these women was Mary of Magdala who had listened to the words of Jesus on the western shore of the Lake of Galilee. Mentioned also by Matthew was another Mary, the mother of James and Joses. Among these devoted women was Joanna, the wife of Chuza, King Herod's steward (Luke 8:3 and 24:10). Standing at the foot of the cross was the mother of Jesus, and with her was the wife of Cleophas.

In the evening, after Joseph of Arimathea had wrapped the Master in fine linen and laid him in the rock tomb, "there was Mary Magdalene (Mary of Magdala) and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulchre" (Matt. 27:61).

It is mentioned by both Matthew and Mark that Salome, the wife of Zebedee, the fisherman of Bethsaida, was with the other women. She was the mother of the disciples James and John. It was she and the other women who brought, on the morning of the first day of the week, precious ointments and spices for anointing the body of Jesus. The story of these women is beautifully told, and it is a precious picture we have, one that has been, in part, repeated through centuries wherever women have given gentle and kindly ministrations in times of sorrow.

> And very early in the morning the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun. And they said among themselves, who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?

Then they saw that the stone had already been rolled away and the tomb was empty.

It was a woman who first saw Jesus after his rising from the tomb. As St. Mark tells us ". . . he appeared first to Mary Magdalene . . . And she went and told them that had been with him as they mourned and wept."

How fitting it is that the women of Easter were early on that morning and that they were the glad bearers on that day of the tidings of eternal life, that a woman first beheld the risen Lord before he went unto Emmaus and into Galilee.

V. P. C.

Congratulations to President Smith on His Seventy-Ninth Birthday

Again, on his birthday, we extend to President George Albert Smith our heartfelt wishes for health and happiness and the strength to accomplish those high aims and purposes which are nearest his heart. May he be remembered by the faith and prayers of Relief Society women in all the stakes and missions of the Church. May his voice be heard in times to come, as in the past, upholding the faith of his fathers and speaking words of encouragement and inspiration as a testimony to a world which now, more than ever, needs the message of the gospel.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Delay in Sending Rolls for Names of Contributors to the Relief Society Building Fund

BECAUSE of the heavy snows and consequent traffic tie-ups involving the mails, as also the covering of mail boxes by snow in rural areas, the general board has delayed sending the sheets to the stakes and missions of the Church on which to write the names of all contributors to the Relief Society Building Fund. If the sheets had become wet or creased they would have been spoiled. Therfore, as soon as it seems safe to send the rolls through the mails, they will be sent. Complete instructions for writing the names of contributors are included with the rolls.

Instructions Regarding "Notes From the Field"

BECAUSE of limited space in the Notes From the Field department of the *Magazine*, where a picture shows a large number of people, it will be possible hereafter to identify only the officers and persons prominent in the activity represented. It is hoped that this will allow some additional space for more stakes and missions to be represented each month.

It is suggested that Relief Society stake and ward officers and also mission and branch presidents review carefully the directions for submitting material to this department published in the April 1948 issue of the *Magazine*. As stated on page 274, all submissions are to be sent through stake or mission presidents, as promptly as possible following the occasion which they portray.

Table Settings and Flower Arrangements

EASTER TABLE SUGGESTIONS

Mary Grant Judd
Member, Relief Society General Board

THERE is in all of us an innate desire to create. The little boy with his tinker toys may grow into the man who will build bridges. The little girl making mud pies to be baked in a make-believe oven may, in later years, become a proficient cook. And cooking is a creative art.

Closely akin to the art of cooking is that of table setting. It is surprising how the creative urge can be satisfied through this simple medium. Most up-to-date cookbooks explain the proper way to set a table for various occasions, so I won't go into that, except to say in passing that here one finds those basic principles of art—repetition, balance, and rhythm—and that a well-set table is indeed a thing of beauty.

No matter how desirable, it is often impossible in this high-geared age, for the members of a family to eat all of their meals together, but the dinner hour should be an exception. Try to serve attractive-looking, palatable, and well-balanced food in an unhurried and congenial atmosphere. Use imagination in varying your menus and have occasional surprises for the family in the way of table decorations. You will be pleased to see how they will respond.

Take the Easter season, for example. How important a child is made to feel if his colorful basket of easter eggs is used for the centerpiece of the family meal.

The favor illustrated here was given to each of a group of mothers at an April dinner in one of the wards. Later, to the delight of the children, the favors did double duty by gracing many an Easter basket.

It is to be regretted that the color of this make-believe chicken cannot be shown, for it is very pretty. To make the favors you dye eggs by the usual method in any desired colors. Dip small, fluffy feathers (longer

for the tail than for the wings) in diluted vegetable coloring, and spread them to dry while you mix some frosting of powdered sugar and water to a consistency that can be molded in the fingers. This is tinted red for the comb, yellow for the beak, and as near as possible the color of the egg for the other parts. A wad of frosting holds the chicken's head (which is half a jelly bean) in place, and it supplies the medium for attaching the feathers and the vanilla wafer which forms the base.

Here is another idea for an Easter favor which you may prefer. Very cute miniature Easter bonnets may be made by using the small size paper doilies for the brim and a nut cup pasted upside down in the center of the doilie for the crown. Decorate the hat with bits of ribbon, feathers, tiny flowers etc., and place them at each place on a stand made by cutting a straw in half and sticking it in a gum drop. For the center of the table use an untrimmed hat with flowers spilling out of it.

[This is the first in a series of short articles on table decorations, flower arrangements, and related subjects. In the coming months Sister Judd will present more suggestions for effective seasonal decorative arrangements.—Ed.]

"Consider the Lilies"

Jean Chalmers Donaldson

How slow my stubborn senses to recall,
After the Autumn covering is made
Over my lilies, that in spring, a tall
Proud stem will stand with satin overlaid . . . .
Blossoms will flourish where no flower is seen,
Into the warm awareness of the sun,
All clothed in angel-white of mystic sheen
That thoughtful summer skies have deftly spun.
Even without a morsel of my care—
No help of mine—no vigil day and night,
Nor in my thoughtless mind a phrase of prayer,
Have I the privilege to view this sight:
The miracle on Galilee's blue rim,
Once plucked and pondered as men walked with him.

The Heart Grows Quiet

Dorothy J. Roberts

Oh, tender, brief bud of summer,
How shall I carry you back to him;
How shall I tell the weft of magic
Spun, shimmering, to the valley's brim?

I shall but say the heart grows quiet,
Watching the mesh of tendrils screen,
With a feathery veil, one breathless
moment.
The rolling tide of green.

An April Day

Grace M. Candland

Give me the measure of an April day,
Unhurried by the many tasks at hand,
To watch the growing loveliness of spring
Now entering in, and note the interplay
Of shifting clouds, the birth of daffodils,
The birch and linden pushing silently
From bud and leaf, and see the miracle
Of bluebells blooming on the distant hills

And All Eternity

Carol Read Flake

THE sharp trill of the telephone brought Kathy Gordon stumbling from bed, her sleep-drugged mind groping to identify a heavy feeling of depression. The girl shivered in the chill, autumn air as she felt her way into the dining room. It was something —some dreadful thing that lay ahead of her.

"Hello." Her voice was low and husky with sleepiness.

"Is this 402M?"

Kathy swayed suddenly in the darkness as memory struck with sickening clarity. She gripped the edge of the buffet and answered in a whisper, "Yes." She and Dan were going to get a divorce! It had been decided last night.

"Hold the line, please. Deposit five . . . ." The operator left the line.

"Who is it?" Dan called sleepily from the nursery.

"I don't . . . . Hello?"

"Kathy darling! I'll bet you just love answering the telephone at five A.M."

Linda! Oh, no—not now! There was a note of hysteria as Kathy cried, "Linda, what in the world are you doing here?"

Her young sister's laugh rang merrily. "I'm on my vacation and I want to spend it with my namesake. How is the little doll—asleep?

"Of course. Honey, you're at the bus depot, aren't you? We'll be right in after you."

Dan had turned on the bedside lamp in the nursery and, as Kathy moved to the doorway, he leaned up on an elbow, squinting against the brightness, his dark hair rumpled. Three-year-old Gary had crowded him to the edge of the narrow bed and was burrowed deep against him, completely out of sight.

"It's Linda?" Dan's voice was tense. "What are you going to tell her?"

Kathy's gaze wavered. "Nothing, I guess. She'd never understand."

"Who does?" he remarked sourly, sitting up and reaching for his shirt.

Kathy stared at him blankly, then turned and went into the room they had always shared and to the crib in the corner where Baby Linda slept. She covered her tenderly and dressed without turning on a light.

Dan was silent driving to town. Kathy sat beside him, numb and sick inside, wondering how she could meet the gaiety and exuberance of her younger sister. It was two months since her visit home, a visit that was, in reality, a separation. The entire family had been so entranced with the children that they had not detected Kathy's deep unhappiness.

Kathy was grateful for this. More than anything else she desired to keep from them the knowledge that she and Dan were having trouble—Dan, whom her father invariably referred to as a "perfect prince of a fellow."

Kathy glanced covertly at her husband, silent and scowling as he drove. Was he remembering last

night, the scene at the dinner table and their talk afterward?

* * *

KATHY closed her eyes, seeing him pace the living room, seeing the beaten look in his eyes as he flung out his hands in a gesture of impatience and futility. "Okay, so it didn't work out. We made a mistake, Kathy, the biggest mistake of our lives, and it's time we did something about it."

"Separation didn't help." Kathy spoke more to herself.

Dan stopped before the mantle and stared at the photograph of himself in his marine uniform. It was Kathy's favorite of all his pictures. He looked brave and confident, almost cocky, with his cap tilted ever so slightly above that broad, boyish grin.

She caught her breath as he reached up and knocked the picture flat. "Why do you keep that crazy thing around?" he growled.

Her eyes sped to the framed snapshot of Dan and his buddy, Dick Greymont, who had been killed on Guam. Apparently it escaped his attention. He dropped heavily upon the davenport. "So what's left? What do we try now?"

Their gaze met—and broke hastily. Kathy flushed as if she had spoken the hated word.

Dan leaned his head in his hands. "Dave Whiting's as good as any, I guess. He handled the boss' divorce. Find out the procedure. If it can be desertion, I'll pull out."

Kathy's eyes widened. "Divorce?" she whispered.

He shrugged and stood up. "What else?" he asked harshly.

Kathy didn't breathe for a moment. She felt frozen inside. "You mean—civil divorce?"

The muscles in his jaw tightened. When he spoke his voice had lost its harshness. "I don't know, Kathy. I've prayed—you've prayed. I don't know what *he* wants us to do." He turned his back.

"Dan!" She started up unsteadily. "Dan, it isn't as if another man or woman were involved. There's just . . . ."

"There's a little boy and a baby girl," he reminded her almost angrily. "And a pair of bickering parents. Is that what *he* wants?" He pushed past her and went into the nursery, closing the door firmly.

Bickering! Kathy's hands clenched in her lap. Was it bickering when he barked in irritable impatience at little Gary and sent him weeping from the table? Was it bickering when she leaned forward and hurled the stinging accusation: "Dan Gordon, you aren't fit to be a father—you're not fit to live with! You hate us all, don't you?"

Anger stirred in her, recalling his contemptuous glare as he shoved violently from the table and left the room. Tight-lipped, Kathy had set about clearing the unfinished meal from the table, trying not to hear the heartbroken sobbing from the nursery.

At last she stepped to the doorway and demanded in icy tones if he intended his son to finish supper. When he did not glance up from the magazine he gripped in his hands, she deliberately started for the nursery. He caught up with her and pushed her roughly aside. "You keep out of this," he snapped, and shut the door in her face.

Gary stopped crying and Kathy stood there, all aquiver inside, listening to Dan's voice soothing the child. In a moment he brought him to the table. "Ask Mommie to bring your dinner, son."

Gary's round blue eyes, still damp with tears, were hurt and bewildered as they went from one to the other. Kathy groaned and caught him to her fiercely. She met her husband's cold gaze. "Dan, this can't go on," she pleaded desperately. "It's cruel and unfair. It—it's shameful."

Dan muttered something and walked rapidly out of the room.

* * * *

THE Gordon scene, Kathy thought heavily, glancing out the car window.

Dan slowed for a stop sign, his hand brushing Kathy's knee as he shifted. He glanced at her shortly. "Well, what are you going to do?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"See Whiting. Get the thing rolling."

Kathy's mouth twisted and she turned away, unable to speak.

This was the way she must meet her sister. She saw her standing on the curb beside her luggage, looking like a fashion model in her trim gray suit and little trick of a hat.

Linda rushed over as they stepped from the car and gave Kathy a swift, fragrant hug. Then she turned to Dan. "M-m-m," she said, stretching on tiptoe to kiss his cheek, "my favorite brother-in-law."

In the car she removed her left glove and fluttered her fingers elaborately. "Oh!" Kathy gasped, catching her hand to admire the glistening ring. "When did you get this?"

"The night of his farewell," the girl announced proudly. "Isn't it gorgeous? See it, Dan?"

Dan smiled obligingly. "Very gorgeous. And is it the ring you're in love with, or . . . ."

"It's Brent I'm in love with," Linda sang out happily. "Oh, he's wonderful—*it's* wonderful!" She turned and hugged her sister ecstatically. "Why didn't you tell me love was like this?"

Kathy flushed. "You little monkey," she said tenderly.

In the bedroom the girl peeked cautiously beneath the crib covers. "Oh-h, little angel. When will she wake up?" She turned to Kathy. Her brows flew together. "Kathy, are you ill—have you been sick?"

"Sick?" Kathy laughed quickly and bent to pick up a hanger. "Of course not, silly. It's just getting up at such an unearthly hour. Make yourself comfy, honey, while I fix breakfast."

Kathy was glad for the commotion of breakfast and babies—for her sister's gay, eager chatter. After Dan left for work, Linda dressed Gary amid shouts and laughter and then begged to feed the baby her cereal.

She talked constantly about Brent, his mission, and his letters. "Regular sermons, he writes. Oh, Kathy," she exclaimed earnestly, "aren't you thankful for the gospel and the kind of men it produces? When I think of poor Rosalind Ayres and that—that—" She broke off in disgust. "They're on the rocks already. I guess it's lucky they've had no chil—"

She shrieked and ducked as the baby, clutching the spoon in her

hand, flipped cereal over a wide area. Laughing, Linda looked up at the baby's mother and was surprised to see her staring absently from the window, her face drawn and white.

Linda lifted the child from her high chair and walked around to face her sister. "Kathy Gordon," she said with a quiet, knowing smile, "you're going to have a baby, aren't you?"

"Have a baby? No," she answered dully, staring past her. "We're going to have a divorce."

"Kathy!" Linda cried sharply, "What's the matter with you, saying a thing like that?"

"It's true," she answered quietly, taking the baby from her. "He wants me to see the lawyer immediately."

"Dan? Wants a divorce? But, Kathy, what's wrong?"

"I wish I knew," Kathy replied bitterly. "I think he hates us all."

For once Linda was speechless. Helplessly she followed as Kathy put the baby down for her nap and went into the bathroom where she knelt and washed the few clothes that were soaking in the tub.

"I didn't want you to know, Linda, or the folks. But now I guess it doesn't matter, now that we're getting a divorce."

Linda began to cry. "But you were married in the temple."

"I know. Sometimes temple marriages go wrong."

"No, they don't," the girl sobbed. "Only if there is sin—immorality. You and Dan—you're both fine and decent and intelligent."

Kathy sat back on her heels, staring unseeing at the wall. "No, Linda," she said after a moment, "if you had been here last night you wouldn't say we're intelligent." And she told her briefly about Dan's sharpness with Gary and her own fury.

"Oh, Kathy, something's wrong with Dan, don't you see?" Linda cried. "It's the war; that wound he got on Guam, losing his buddy . . ."

Kathy rose and wiped her hands thoughtfully on the towel. "I could have thought that three years ago, but that's all behind us. No, Linda, we've been happy, perfectly serene in our marriage until—I don't know when it began or what started it."

"Maybe it's you," Linda said softly. "Maybe . . . ."

"I know. I'm critical. But his attitude . . . ." She pressed her fingers to her temples. "I think it's since the baby came. He seems resentful of her, Linda—detached, restrained or something. He wasn't like that with Gary."

"It's because she's a girl," Linda soothed, putting an arm about her. "Darling, you're practically weaving, standing there. Come sit down." She led the girl to the big chair in the living room and Kathy tried to explain about Dan and Baby Linda.

* * * *

THEY both wanted a girl and he had been as thrilled as she when Baby Linda came. Kathy would never forget his deep humility as he stood at her bedside. "Everything's too perfect," he had said, shaking his head in wonder and awe, "you and Gary, and now a little daughter. I don't deserve it, Kathy."

"I guess we deserve her, darling," Kathy had whispered, weary from

the ordeal, "or the Lord wouldn't have sent her to us."

He gripped her hand tightly. "The Lord's been so good to me, Kathy. It isn't right. It isn't fair." Kathy had been disturbed by his mood, but too sunk in exhaustion to puzzle out its meaning.

"He feels unworthy," Linda announced simply. "Kathy, if you two would talk these things over...."

"I don't believe he wants to, Linda. Not after last night when we both saw what it's doing to little Gary. He wants me to see Whiting right away."

"Whiting? Is he your high councilman that's a lawyer?"

Kathy's eyes widened. "No. I hadn't thought of him. Her voice fell. "He doesn't take divorce cases."

Linda jerked forward on the davenport. "Why doesn't he?"

"Why, I . . . . He doesn't believe in them, I suppose."

Linda's eyes flashed. "And so instead of going to someone like that for help, you and Dan prefer to take your troubles to some stranger, not even a member of the Church. It wouldn't even have to be a lawyer. It could be your stake president or your bishop...." she broke off. "I wish you could talk to Brent. Brent says the gospel carries the solution to all our problems, physical as well as spiritual."

"Brent and his mission," Kathy murmured. "Dan would have had a mission if it hadn't been for the war."

"Oh, darling!" Linda was beside her, all tenderness. "Kathy, you love Dan. I know it. I'm going to talk to him tonight."

KATHY was gathering clothes from the line when Dan drove in late that afternoon. As she put them on the kitchen table she heard Linda talking and Dan answering in low tones. She went out softly and found the rake and started to rake the leaves away from the front of the garage.

She heard the screen door open and close and looked up to see Dan coming toward her. He stopped and then came on uncertainly.

"Do you think we should talk with the bishop?"

Her heart was pounding as she leaned the rake against the wall and came toward him. "Yes," she said breathlessly. "Yes, Dan, I do."

They found Bishop Bentley in house slippers seated on the front porch with his wife and a neighbor lady. The Gordons were greeted warmly and the bishop ushered them inside. He was a large, shaggy-haired man with alert, twinkling eyes and the kindest smile.

Kathy sat stiffly on the chair he offered and hoped that Dan would do the talking. He did so, haltingly at first. But under the bishop's gentle prompting the story was finally out. The bishop questioned them alternately, nodding now and then in an understanding way.

Then he leaned forward in the big leather chair and regarded them with a kindly, sympathetic expression. But when he spoke he was firm. "Now, Brother and Sister Gordon, I want you to put the idea of divorce out of your minds. Neither of you has committed a crime against the other and there's no justification for it. You are unhappy, yes. But you can't think of your-

selves any longer. You have your children . . . ."

"That's why something must be done," Dan broke in desperately. "It isn't right that . . . ."

"And you think divorce is right?" Bishop Bentley spread out his large hands. "Split-up parents—a broken home? No." He shook his head. "Even a sick home is better than a broken one, Dan, in nearly every case. Yours is a sick home right now. But if you will, you and Katherine, you can cure it. Have you prayed together?" he asked gently.

Dan looked down. "We always have, bishop, but when there's a spirit of—of bitterness and antagonism."

"It's difficult, son, I know." He asked abruptly, "Dan, you were injured, weren't you, in the war?"

"Yes, a hand grenade wound. But it doesn't bother any more."

"Did you have any experience you find it difficult to throw off?"

Kathy glanced quickly at her husband and felt a wave of tenderness as she saw his jaw set. When he didn't speak she said softly, "He lost a buddy, bishop, Dick Greymont, a boy he grew up with."

"I see. Do you ever think about that, Dan?"

Kathy stared in horror as Dan's face twisted and he covered his eyes with his hands. He said in a tortured voice, "I can't think of anything else lately."

Tears sprang to her eyes. "Dan," she whispered, moving forward on her chair. But Bishop Bentley raised a warning hand.

He said very gently, "Can you tell me about it, son?"

Kathy waited in an agony of sympathy as Dan fought for control. "I was a gunner in our squadron, a pfc, like Dick. It was two days after we landed on Guam and we'd been in heavy battle and our shells were running out." He paused. "I sent Dick for ammunition. I hated to ask him to go and he didn't want to, but I only had a few shells left. I—I spoke pretty harsh to him so he'd go. When he started back with the shells, they—a bullet got him."

There was no sound in the room save Dan's labored breathing. Kathy whispered in a voice that trembled, "It was right afterward that Dan was wounded—very seriously. He almost died."

DAN moistened his lips and went on. "Dick and I went into the Mormon Battalion together; we were at Guadalcanal and Guam. We were always close. We used to talk about when we got back, things we would do. We both had girls. We talked about the homes we were going to have and children—"

His voice broke and his head went down. Kathy closed her eyes in pain, seeing him at her bedside the night Baby Linda was born: "I don't deserve it, Kathy, everything so perfect." It was Dick he had been thinking about!

Tears streamed down her face and she forgot about Bishop Bentley. She went down on her knees beside him, sobbing, "Dan, oh, darling, why didn't you tell me? You musn't blame yourself. You were doing your duty and you almost lost your own life. The Lord spared you for a purpose." She caught his hand and pressed it to her cheek, feeling

the answering pressure of his fingers. "Dan, I've been so blind—so stupid."

He touched her hair gently. "I've been hateful. You said I hated you, Kathy. It was myself—"

"Oh, Dan!"

The bishop had risen and stood quietly beside them. "I think, Dan, that you have unconsciously built up a resentment against all that's dear to you because of this—what do the psychologists call it—guilt complex? You feel you have no right to them, is that it?"

"I haven't, bishop. It isn't right." Dan stood up, clinging tightly to his wife's hand. "Dick was a better man than I am."

"You can't be a judge of that, Dan." The bishop laid his hand on the younger man's shoulder. "We should never question God's wisdom either in the things we suffer or in the things he sees fit to bless us with."

He placed his other hand on Kathy's shoulder and regarded her kindly. "Sister Gordon, you need to assure this husband of yours every day that you love him and appreciate him. And you, Dan," Dan met the Bishop's gaze squarely, "you thank the Lord every night and every morning for sparing your life and bringing you back to this fine girl, and for sending you children to rear according to his word."

"Bishop—" Dan groped for words to thank him. "Bishop Bentley, you'll never know—"

The good bishop patted his arm. "You're a splendid couple, you Gordons, and if I might make a suggestion, I'd say you needed a vacation trip right now, just the two of you." He turned his smile on Kathy. "Do you have someone you can leave the children with?"

Kathy raised her eyes to Dan and he put his arm about her waist. "Linda!" she exclaimed. "I know she'd love to. And, oh, Dan, let's go someplace where there's a temple." All the love and happiness in her heart glowed radiantly in her face.

Annual Urge

Maryhale Woolsey

Shine, window, shine! for the new sun to find you;
Flutter, clean curtains! A May breeze is here.
Sweep, broom, sweep! Leave no dust fleck behind you . . . .
Spring's the most heavenly time of the year!
Polish and paint—oh, I love every feature
That matches my indoors to outdoors delight,
I am the happiest, luckiest creature—
Having a snug little home to keep bright . . . .

(Look at those robins, out there in the apple tree,
Busy with feathers, straws, pieces of string;
Over a last-year's nest chattering happily—
Wouldn't you know? . . . Housecleaning for spring!)

An Easter Party for the Children

Elizabeth Williamson

IF you are having an Easter party for small children, it is well to make your plans in advance.

Children want continuous action. Since their interests flag quickly, it is better to have games that will not tire them, or last too long. You might divide the time into three parts:

Egg treasure hunt and a few games such as "Pin the Tail on the Lamb."

Luncheon.

Dyeing Easter eggs.

Greet the children at the door with a clue telling each child where to find his eggs or prizes. Let each one draw a paper egg from a basket. The gold egg is the grand prize. Keep this a secret, because your own children will not be eligible for the prize, but it will be great fun for them to keep the secret with you. If the children are too young to read, you might draw simple sketches on the clues so they will be able to find the prizes.

Prizes can be washcloths made of brightly colored toweling, blue, red, or yellow, cut into shapes of ducks, hens, lambs, and other Easter symbols. Embroider the eyes and the decorative designs in contrasting colors. Peter Rabbit books or Easter booklets of the colorful, dime-store variety, make welcome prizes, or bags of colored jelly-beans may be used.

The grand prize, which is claimed by the one who draws the golden egg, is a live white bunny. After the children have seen and admired the bunny, it is suggested that it remain outdoors until it is time to leave the party. It is a good idea, also, to have the children put aside their prizes until the party is over.

It is possible to decorate the table very attractively and in an inexpensive way with things which you can make yourself. The placecards may be boiled eggs with paper ears and paper collars pasted on. Print the child's name on a strip of paper and paste the ends together. When this is dry, set the boiled egg in it. Put eyes and nose and a few whiskers on the egg with ink, and you will have a gay rabbit for a placecard.

For the favors make little nests of shredded, colored papers or cellophane filled with candy eggs. These eggs can be brought to the table after the luncheon is finished.

Menu

Any lamb dish: lamb stew, lamb patties, lamb chops, or lamb roast.
Carrot salad in gelatin mold.
Rice or baked potatoes
Milk
Peas
Dessert: ice cream with cookies shaped like rabbits, lambs, or ducks.

After lunch, in the kitchen, the children may enjoy coloring Easter eggs under your supervision. The eggs should be cooked the night before the party.

The children can use their imagination and make designs with tape, stars, dots, cut-out flowers, and other motifs. Prepared designs can be purchased at the dime store. Paste them on the eggs before the dyeing process. Some of the stickers can be left on, and some are more effective if removed. For example, the tape can be taken off, leaving a contrasting stripe.

The children will want to take the decorated eggs home to show their parents.

Joanna

Margery S. Stewart

Chapter 4

Synopsis: Joanna, who had married David Niels against the wishes of her family, is left a widow with four children to support and care for. Courageously, she takes inventory of her resources—a home, poorly furnished and not paid for, and $1.19 in cash. A neighbor gives her a sack of navy beans and Joanna decides to make Boston-baked beans for sale. Another neighbor, Abigail Smith, offers to help with ideas and transportation. From a slow and unpromising beginning, they build a profitable business.

THEY crowded around her afterwards, her neighbors and friends, to shake her hand, and wish her well, and to say over and over, "Thank you, Joanna."

They brought her gifts in the weeks that followed—flour, bread pans, another kitchen range. She took out the heater that had been in the small front room and replaced it with the range. "Now I can bake twice as much, and we'll be warm beside," she said.

Penny looked ruefully around her. "Now we have two kitchens instead of one."

"I know. It doesn't look very pretty."

Penny smiled. "Oh, well, it doesn't really matter."

But Penny's patient acceptance of the change hurt her, and the fierce desire to give her daughter beauty rose again. She lifted the clamoring Michael into her arms and stared about her. "But Penny, if it *has* to be a kitchen, let's have it a real kitchen, real kitchens are nice."

Penny clapped her hands. "We could have a story-book kitchen, Mother, red and white gingham curtains and geraniums on the sill, and paint that old machine white . . . ."

Joanna visualized the room. "We'll take up this old rug, and paint the floor and put rag rugs about. How would that be? And I'll slipcover the davenette with some red material and make some white cushions, washable, of course."

Penny hugged Joanna around the waist until Joanna pleaded for mercy. "Oh, Mother . . . . You're the nicest mother in the whole wide world."

Joanna kissed Michael's fat neck to hide the tears. There was something about Penny that reached into her like pain.

"Get me the tape measure, Penny, and let's find out how much material we will need."

It took six weeks to eke out the money to buy paint and material, precious hours when she should be sleeping, to paint the woodwork and floors and sew the yards of gingham.

Penny and David went to the park, and pleaded with the gardeners for geraniums. They brought the plants home in triumph. The room was Penny's pride. All her life Joanna would be able to close her eyes and see her daughter tending the geraniums or curled up on the slipcovered davenette, reading to the younger children.

Abigail, helping Joanna knead the

raised dough into loaves, listened to Penny's clear, low voice. She shook her head. "Isn't she the beatinest! Just listen to her. I never heard a child read that good before."

"Nothing but 'S's' on her report card," Joanna said proudly. "She's going to be somebody, just wait and see."

"So is her mother," said Abigail smartly. "I never did see the likes of the way you've run up this business. How much was it last month?"

Joanna laughed. "I keep track by my tithing receipts. Just a minute." She brought the box out of the cupboard and opened it. "Twelve dollars and fifty cents. One hundred and twenty-five dollars."

Abigail held up floured hands. "Land sakes o'Goshen!"

"But the month before that it was only fifty dollars. Believe me, I was right scared . . . ." She patted the last loaf deftly in place. "But this month I have so many orders I can't possibly fill them myself. Will you come and help me, Abigail? Be my full-time helper?"

"Good heavens! child! I couldn't do that. Henry would have a fit." She went to the kitchen to wash her hands. "It would mean going off relief, and you know Henry hates change."

Joanna handed her a towel. "But I'm sure it will be steady. People are asking me to cook for their parties and they want pastries for their dinners. It will be our business, Abigail. Partners."

Abigail shook her beautiful silver head. "Henry won't like it. But I'll do it." She nodded vigorously, "If you can take the chances you've been takin', I guess I can, too. Besides, you make it look interestin', this not knowin' whether you're going to eat or not."

Joanna laughed. "But I know we're going to eat."

Abigail's sniff was unmistakably skeptical. "How?"

Joanna crossed her big hands on her breast. "In here. Promises."

Abigail poured beans into the huge pan. "Wish I had somethin' like that inside o' me. But I'll be your partner, not full, forty-sixty is good enough for me. You thought of it, and you're the one that's been makin' it grow. Henry . . . ." she sighed, ". . . well, he'll just have to get used to being a capitalist."

* * * *

JOANNA marked the years by such special things as that, being able to have Abigail help her all day long, by being able to hire the protesting Henry to drive an ancient delivery truck Joanna bought, and by Penny's fourteenth birthday.

It was to be an event, this fourteenth birthday. Joanna planned a party. They sat around the kitchen table after dinner, going over the details. The children's faces were ecstatic. Joanna's heart smote her. They should have had more of the good things . . . . like this party.

Penny's face was shining. "I wish I could ask the whole home room. But I'll have Connie . . . . Oh, Mother, she's clever. She is the smartest girl in the whole school and her clothes are just beautiful . . . . Wait until you see."

Joanna smacked Michael's hand away from the cookie jar. "You've had ten. That's more than enough for awhile."

She turned back to Penny's radiant face. Delight pierced her. Penny was beautiful. Her small face was delicately formed, the dark eyes soft and dream-filled. When Joanna thought of the ingredients that made her child, she thought not of flesh and bone, but of scraps of poetry, captured spring days, remembered songs, haunting bits of beauty that Penny gathered and brought home for Joanna's and her own delight, as another might gather bright stones, or another, stamps.

"Who else will you ask besides this wonderful Connie?"

Penny counted them on her fingers, ". . . Ruth and Evelyn, she's the red-headed one, and Cora and Sally . . . . Sally's brother is the one who is always trying to kiss us."

Joanna bit back her chuckle. She leaned her chin on her palms, reveling in this little moment of peace and rest and companionship with her children. "We'll have a Halloween party, since it's so close to the end of the month. We'll take the plants down from the window sills and put pumpkins there instead. You can make black cats to decorate the walls."

David grinned down at his sister. "And I'll scare all your sissy friends . . . . I'll hide by the gate . . . ."

"You'll do no such thing. Mother, make him promise . . . ."

Joanna looked at her son. He didn't look at all like big David, nor act like him either . . . . Even the laughter was beginning to leave his brown eyes, except in moments like this, when he teased Penny or the ten-year-old Sally, by stealing her dolls or mocking her adoration for some current movie star. His chin was beginning to look square and firm, and his mouth had a straight determined line. He hated it when Joanna was forced to carry heavy loads, and took them from her when he was home, muttering savagely under his breath.

"This is Penny's party," Joanna told David. "It's got to be right. Everything has to be perfect."

David's mouth set in that new, queer way. "But Mom, some of those girls are . . . are terrible. . . . They'll think a little home party is corny. . . . They're used to a . . . a lot."

Penny's laughter mocked him. "Oh, don't listen to him, Mother. He's just bitter. He used to be in love with Connie."

Joanna stared sharply at her son. His face turned a painful red. "I wouldn't be such a fool . . . unless I had a car."

* * * *

JOANNA repainted the living-room floor. She papered the walls, herself, in a gay peasant pattern. She made new gingham curtains and washed the slipcovers. She pored over magazines, judging, discarding recipes.

Abigail snorted in disgust. "Land sakes o'Goshen! Anybody'd think you were having the Archbishop of Canterbury for dinner."

Joanna giggled but did not look up from her magazine. "This sounds good, ice-cream cones on the top of cupcakes . . . you put currant eyes and noses on the cupcakes. They'd look just like little witches . . . apples decorated like jack-o'-lanterns."

Abigail sat heavily on the davenette and fanned her flushed face

with her apron. "A lot of work. Remember, you promised to make all those rolls and cakes for that banquet on the day of Penny's party."

"I can manage both."

"Joanna, you need a rest, not more work. You look terrible."

Joanna put the magazine aside and looked at her hands. "I know. Aren't they a sight!" She rose and went to the mirror that hung above the sink.

Abigail followed her. "You don't take care of yourself. No rest. No creams." She patted her own soft cheeks. "That's one thing I've never forgotten. Every night I . . . ."

But Joanna was not listening. She leaned forward staring at the stranger in the glass. She was very thin, her cheeks hollow under the high bones. Her eyes looked very large and deeply blue, but it was around her mouth that the years showed mostly, the years of tightening her lips for the daily struggle. Those years had thinned her mouth and etched lines at the corners. Her brown hair was drawn back in a roll on the nape of her neck. Joanna laughed, and the reflection showed fleetingly as a sliver of light, the lost brightness of her youth. She looked down on her hands leaning on the sink board. They were brown and scarred and rough.

"You could be right handsome," Abigail said softly, "if you'd take things a little easier, take care o'yourself."

"I haven't time yet . . . ."

"But you can't go on alone like this . . . . Years are running away from you."

Joanna turned briskly from the mirror. "I'd never find anybody like my David. Besides, I have no time for any man." She stared over Abigail's head. "The only dream I have is of going to California some day, taking Penny and the rest of them. I want to look at the sea. . . . I've had a hunger for it all my life, landsmen's hunger. I want to see those palms I've been hearing about and I want to lie on those beaches and rest. Someday I'll do that." She looked at the clock. "Good heavens! Abigail! We'd better pitch in or we'll never be through with this night's work. I want to cut out those jack-o'-lanterns for the party tomorrow."

"Humph! A lot of work for mighty small fry."

"But Penny's getting the worst of it all. That's why this party has to be right."

"The worst of what?"

Joanna leaned against the sink. "By the time the others are grown, Sally, Michael . . . David even, I'll really be set. They'll have the good times, the good clothes. Penny's the one that's doing without, and she's helping me like a grown woman, an' she's only fourteen."

Abigail got the pan of apples from the back porch. "Pies first? All right. Don't worry about the party, Joanna. Don't worry."

"I'm not."

"You're worried as a settin' hen. Remind me to bring over some of my special face cream. Every night I pat it on an' it's just done wonders for my skin, why I says to Henry, I says. . . ."

JOANNA piled the family's gifts to Penny on her breakfast plate. She hurried about the kitchen, mak-

ing hot cakes and squeezing orange juice. It was strange . . . she'd never worried before over whether or not Penny would like anything she bought, but today she watched, breath held, to see how Penny would like the yellow sweater she had chosen.

Penny lifted the yellow wool to her shoulders and danced over to the mirror. "Oh, Mother, you're wonderful! How did you know I wanted a new sweater and skirt . . . and yellow, my favorite color?"

"Well, I thought you looked right pretty in it."

Penny turned slowly around. "Pretty? Mother, am I really?"

Joanna said softly, "I guess every girl in the world asks that question when she's your age. Yes, Penny, you are."

Penny went in for a last look at the living room. "It looks just adorable. We'll light the jack-o'-lanterns just the minute we get home. It will be dark then. Oh, I can hardly wait to have you meet Connie. She's going to wear her new velvet dress. She told me about it, and it sounds like a dream."

After the children had gone, Joanna went to work with a furious intensity. The little house shone. The fragrance from baking cookies and cake poured out upon the autumn air. Joanna worked alone. Abigail's presence made her nervous.

She put on her best black dress at three-thirty, and remembered to put lipstick on her pale mouth. She went to the front windows. Abigail was supposed to invite Michael and Sally for dinner. David was going to a movie. Joanna wondered at the thick pounding in her throat. She saw them coming down the street, Penny in the center, the other girls crowding around her. The girl on the right had smooth yellow hair under a tiny fur beret. She wore a smart blue coat with a collar that matched her hat. That must be Connie. Joanna watched the girl's face when she saw Penny's house. She saw the delicate brows raise, and the gentian eyes slide to the girls around her. "Is this yours?"

Joanna watched Penny's eyes move serenely to the front door. "Yes, and there's Mother. Come on, everybody, let's hurry."

Connie held back for a moment, and like a band of muddled sheep, the others were stemmed. Penny ran ahead of them and waited impatiently on the porch. "Hurry! Hurry!"

(To be continued)

Easter-Lily Bloom

Julene J. Cushing

I have seen the sunset tint at dawning,
And heard the twilight songs the warblers sing,
I have felt the pride of trees' first leafing,
And in an April wind have tasted spring.

I have known the peace of rain's soft falling,
And from the wet, sweet grass, breathed earth's perfume,
And in my garden there was heaven waiting,
Today I found an Easter-lily bloom!

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1948, page 274.

SOCIALS, BAZAARS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Florence Maller

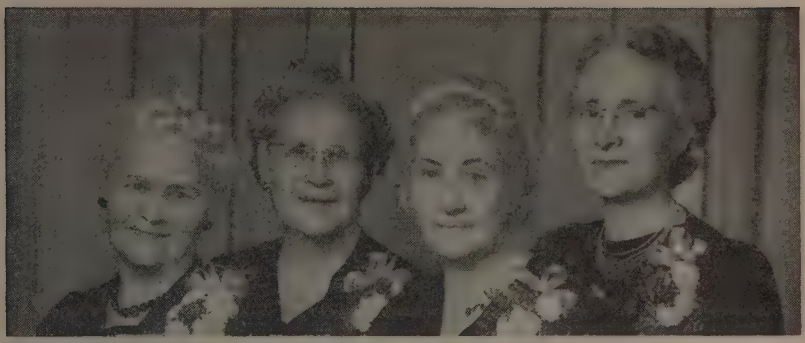
AUSTRALIAN MISSION, PERTH BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, September 24, 1948

First Counselor Florence Maller is shown at one of the booths prepared for this unusual and very beautiful exhibit. Included in the displays were dolls, sea-grass baskets, stools, children's wear, crochet work, hand embroidery, and many novelties, including toy animals. Particularly useful, as well as beautiful, were the colorful aprons and tablecloths.

This active branch, "the most isolated in the world" (According to Sister Maller), is very devoted to all phases of Relief Society work. The Perth Branch was the first in the Australian Mission to complete its Building Fund quota, which was raised through personal donations and a most successful concert. Many of the Perth sisters travel long distances to attend their meetings and find much satisfaction in Relief Society work to reward their efforts.

Sister L. Macmillan is president of the Perth Branch Relief Society and Sister H. Glass is second counselor.

Blanche K. Richmond is president of the Australian Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Grace McPeak

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, SANTA ROSA BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS, November 8, 1948

Left to right: President Agnes Gross; First Counselor Mary S. Sanders; Second Counselor Ada M. Wilson; Secretary-Treasurer Grace McPeak. These officers have recently been released and new ones appointed.

Mary S. Ellsworth is president of the Northern California Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Clare K. Claridge

MOUNT GRAHAM STAKE, LORDSBURG (NEW MEXICO) WARD RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE, November 7, 1948

Seated, left to right: Margaret B. Speer; First Counselor Edith B. Bradberry; Elva B. Hatch of Roswell, New Mexico.

Standing, left to right: Ruth B. Barnes; Orpha B. Nally; Leta B. Harwood; Lucille B. Bailey.

A special feature of this conference was the honoring of Sister Edith B. Bradberry, an outstanding Relief Society officer and a well-loved member of the community, and the mother of six daughters who helped to furnish music for the conference.

Erma M. Stewart is president of Mount Graham Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Vera H. Mayhew

BERKELEY STAKE (CALIFORNIA), EAST RICHMOND WARD CHRISTMAS PARTY, December 21, 1948

This party was a particularly happy and well-planned occasion, with appropriate seasonal decorations, refreshments, and a Christmas program. Officers of East Richmond Ward Relief Society are: President Candus McDaniel; First Counselor Della Chester; Second Counselor Ruth Yancy; Secretary Beatrice Brough.

Vera H. Mayhew is president of Berkeley Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Nadine Brown

NEBO STAKE (UTAH), PAYSON THIRD WARD SINGING MOTHERS ASSEMBLED AT THEIR CHRISTMAS CANTATA, December 1948

Front row, seated, left to right: Pamela Huber; Nellie Bannister; Second Counselor Fern Williams; President Isabelle Millett; First Counselor Ida Reece.

Second row, seated, left to right: Helen Cowan; Vida Moore; Pearl Blain; Dolly Simmons; Elda Day; May Bishop.

Third row, seated, left to right: Sarah Tanner; Ann Wilson; Naomi Tew; Hazel Baird; Elma Peck; Iva Chase; Della King.

Back row, standing, left to right: Iris Amos; Hazel Manwill; Elsie Eckersley, organist; Ramona Smith, pianist; Ruth Walton; Julene Pans; Zenda Jones.

This chorus has presented three Christmas cantatas and two Easter cantatas, and, in addition, they have served the community and the ward in many meetings, entertainments, and on other occasions.

Nadine Brown is president of Nebo Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Alligee L. Anderson

JUAB STAKE (UTAH), NEPHI FIRST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR
December 9, 1949

Left to right: work committee members, Ruby Cox, Ireta Park, and Ruth Wells; work meeting leader Elnora Foote; assistant Secretary-Treasurer Lucille Lunt; First Counselor Pearl Jenkins; President Alligee L. Anderson; Second Counselor Kate Haynes; Secretary-Treasurer Mayme Kendall.

The photograph shows only part of the many beautiful aprons, quilts, rugs, and many other articles which were very carefully made for this bazaar, one of the most successful ever held in the ward.

Lua L. Stephenson is president of Juab Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Josephine S. Bird

UTAH STAKE, PROVO SIXTH WARD CELEBRATES A CENTURY OF SETTLEMENT IN UTAH VALLEY

Ten Former Relief Society Presidents Wearing Authentic Pioneer Costumes.

Seated, left to right: Phoebe Smoot; Inez Menlove; Frances Callahan; Eliza C. Nelson.

Standing, left to right: Violet Stevens; Martha Brimhall; Marion Johnson; Fay Loveless; Rosalind Oakley; Priscilla Jensen.

Sister Nelson was the first president in this group and Sister Brimhall the most recent past president. Zola Sandgren is now the ward Relief Society president.

Josephine S. Bird is president of Utah Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Ellen C. Toombs

NORTH BOX ELDER STAKE (UTAH), BRIGHAM CITY THIRD WARD RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS ASSEMBLED AT A SOCIAL, July 13, 1948

Left to right: Secretary Ellen C. Toombs; President Rose Young; Second Counselor Mildred Rasmussen; First Counselor Laura E. Zundel.

Lucille L. Wight is president of North Box Elder Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Hilda H. Bringhurst

ZION PARK STAKE (UTAH) PRESENTS PLAY "THE BRIDE'S INVITATION"
Annual Fall Convention 1948

In the photograph the mother, at the right, represents the Relief Society organization. She is telling her daughter, the bride, who represents all young women, the values of Relief Society and *The Relief Society Magazine*. As various phases of the program were discussed by the mother, the pages of the *Magazine* opened to reveal these activities. About sixty-five people participated in the play which was written by Elda N. Jepson of Hurricane. The poems, and the songs, which were sung by the Singing Mothers, including the music, were all composed by members of Zion Park Stake:

"The Bride's Invitation" .....Elda N. Jepson
"A Tribute to the Visiting Teacher" .....Roma W. Stout
"Joy of Living .....words by Partha Jackson and music by Dixie Harrison
"Song of Praise" .....words by Camilla Judd and music by Mildred Sanders

In the above photograph the mother is represented by Josephine Sandburg, and the bride by Mary Helen Tweedie.

Hilda H. Bringhurst is president of Zion Park Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lula P. Child

WESTERN STATES MISSION
Grand Junction (Colorado) Relief Society Officers and *Magazine* Representative

Seated: Arva Algood, *Magazine* representative.

Standing, left to right: President Laura Barlow; Secretary Melba Larsen; Counselors Mary Cunningham and Estelle Orchard.

Sister Algood writes: "While my husband spent eleven days hunting deer, I spent that time hunting subscriptions to *The Relief Society Magazine*. I sold some to men and found a number of them who were very much interested in it." As a result of her devoted "follow-up" work, Sister Algood has secured 116 subscriptions in a branch with a membership of sixty-seven.

Lula P. Child is president of the Western States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Margaret M. Peterson

NORWEGIAN MISSION, STAVANGER BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Seated, left to right: President Aagot Wersland and missionary Laura L. Christensen.

Standing, left to right: Borgny Reiersen; Saletta Reiersen; Gunhild Reiersen; Second Counselor Alice Fjeld; Gudrun Dagsland; Bertha Kloogh.

Margaret M. Peterson, President, Norwegian Mission Relief Society, reports the activities of this branch: "These sisters recently made their first quilt from pieces obtained from the city woolen mills. Both sides were pieced, as lining is not available. The officers and visiting teachers have remodeled old and sewed new suits and dresses. They have also been instructed in making wood fiber flowers for hat trimmings. They now desire a course in American cooking. Sister Christensen is enjoying instructing them."

Margaret M. Peterson is president of the Norwegian Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Luise Petersen

NORTH CENTRAL STATES MISSION, ST. PAUL (MINNESOTA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, November 1948

Seated, left to right: President Luise Petersen; First Counselor Laura Koutz; Second Counselor Jeanette Jesse; Secretary Bertha Stewart.

Note the beautifully designed quilts in the background and the plain and fancy aprons. Embroidered pillowcases, crocheted hot pads, toys, tea towels, guest towels, and many other well-made articles were displayed, making an unusually successful bazaar.

Laura M. Hawkes is president of the North Central States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Nina Callister

EMIGRATION STAKE (UTAH), STADIUM VILLAGE SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MANY PROGRAMS THROUGHOUT THE SALT LAKE CITY REGION

Front row, seated, left to right: Chorister Nina Callister; organist Irene Bartschi; chorus president Alene Schofield; secretary Lois Livingston; vice-president Katherine Bradford; Iris Heap; Carol Bitner.

Second row, seated, left to right: Virginia Ivins; Jane Lee; Margaret Talbot; Beth Taylor; Shirley Howarth; Fern Wilson; Verna Mae Burnett; Dana Woodbury.

Back row, standing, left to right: Evelyn Lawrence; Delsa Anderson; Marjorie Holman; Margaret Richards; LaReah Toronto; Jeanne Olson.

These young women, whose ages range from twenty to thirty-one, are wives of veterans attending the University of Utah. They are all mothers, with one to three children. Sister Callister, in reporting the activities of this ambitious group, says: "In many places the young mothers drop out of Church activity because of overwork with the new child, but the Stadium Village mothers care well for their children and daddy takes over after classes on the night when mamma is 'singing out.' The chorus meets weekly in the village at the home of Margaret Richards." Mildred Dyer, not in the picture, is the president of this Relief Society.

Winniefred Manwaring is president of Emigration Stake Relief Society.

Eighty-Seventh Birthday

Nan S. Richardson

This is my birthday, without consideration—
I'm eighty-seven years, no exaggeration;
I don't feel very old, optimistic observation,
I don't feel very young, this needs some explanation.
But I'm happy, looking forward with great anticipation
For better days to come in this last dispensation.

Thunderstorm

(*Continued from page 238*)

MYRA stopped suddenly, all the bitterness and anger gone. And she was sick with realization of what had happened.

She saw Bob swallow. He said quietly, "We sounded just like the Hendersons."

Myra pushed open the front screen and ran down the steps. She heard the door slam, Bob's voice, "Myra!" He was running, and he musn't run! By the Henderson's fence she swung around to face him. She heard a voice say affectionately, "There. Here's a cushion for your back, Nonnie."

"Thanks, dear."

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson were sitting close together in the lawn swing, so close Myra could have reached her hand through the feathery shrubbery and touched them. They were drinking lemonade.

Bob reached Myra. He said, "Honey—" And then stopped, fascinated, too, by this new picture of the Hendersons.

Myra saw Mr. Henderson pat Mrs. Henderson's hand. "Mighty cooling lemonade, Nonnie."

Nonnie Henderson looked up at him, a twinkle in her brown eyes. "Not near as cooling as that hose would have been this morning, if you hadn't moved!"

"Would you a'squirted on me? Really?"

"I sure would of, if you hadn't moved."

The old man chuckled. "You noticed I moved quick."

Nonnie Henderson bent over and kissed him gently on the cheek, and the lawn swing swung contentedly back and forth.

Myra felt Bob take hold of her arm, pilot her up the street. "What do you know!" he whispered. "Their quarrels don't mean anything. They

are just thunderstorms to clear the air. You can see they are nuts about each other."

"Oh, Bob, I was going to be so noble."

"Sure. Me, too. Noble Bob, a hero to the end with never a gripe, never a cross word to the little woman. But people aren't noble, honey. They're just poor humans bristling with annoying habits."

"I didn't really mean it, about getting a job."

"Why not, honey? That is, for awhile. I think that's what you need. Maybe for just half a day. You could bring the groceries home and I could fool around in the kitchen fixing meals."

Yes, alone in the kitchen, Bob could manage very well. "I'd never leave you alone!"

"Okay, so I'd be alone a half day, so what? I'd have enough to keep me busy—looking after my canaries."

"Your canaries!"

"Yeah. I'm going to raise canaries to sell. Fellow in the hospital gave me those magazines and I've been studying up on them, trying to decide."

Myra went on a mental tour of their small house. "You could have them in the basement."

"Basement!" Bob said indignantly. "Basement'd be too damp. The glassed-in porch would be just the ticket. Even temperature. Lots of sunshine."

Myra's mind tried dizzily to adjust to the future and a front room full of warbling canaries. "Th-that's a grand idea. Is there money in it, Bob?"

"You bet!" Bob's voice was enthusiastic for the first time in months. "This fellow was telling me, over a period of time, his brother made enough money to pay for his home. I figure . . . ."

"Enough—" the words came out thick, "enough to someday afford a baby?"

Bob pulled her hand through his arm and patted it. "You bet. Darned soon! That's why I said work at the book shop, but only for a little while. Until I get this canary business going. Okay?"

Myra's small world righted itself and began to turn, crazily, stormily, but happily. "Okay, Bob," she echoed.

Through the Darkness

(*Continued from page 244*)

profile, and she saw the tears glistening on his lashes; and his lips were moving silently. Instinctively, she knew they were saying a prayer. And she had thought he didn't care enough!

A deep peace crept over her. And a new strength, a strength of faith and hope, one that she had lost for awhile, but which Larry had carried through the darkness. She turned and walked noiselessly to the window and looked out at the bright autumn day. Wet branches shook their dripping leaves gently.

"Becky!" She felt Larry's hand on her shoulder. "You were gone so bright and early. I didn't even hear you. When did you get up?"

She turned and smiled up at him. "Oh, I got up when it was still dark."

she said brightly. "But look, Larry, isn't it a lovely day?"

He looked at her quickly and a broad grin spread over his face. "Uh-huh," he said and squeezed her shoulders in his arms. "Maybe it's nice enough we could even go dancing tonight. Do you think?"

"Maybe," she said and slipped her arm through his.

The Boy There

(*Continued from page 228*)

forty had risen to the top of the bank on either side and threatened to spill over. But Pa had only laughed at that.

He wanted to stop working and go back to the house. It would be easy to find excuses for coming in. He could go to the attic room and he would be safe.

He thought of his father, and it was like the pressure of a steadying hand on his shoulder. He took a firmer grip on the shovel handle. He began working quickly as though there was no fear in him. He kept reminding himself of the look there would be in Pa's eyes if he should know his son had quit, left a job unfinished.

Feverishly he worked for what seemed a long time, never once looking to the east nor at the dark sky above him. He kept saying, "I've got to get this done. It's my job."

The moisture in the air had changed to actual rain now. He felt the drops, large and cool, against his forehead, on his bare arms, through his shirt that was already clinging to his small body. The

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darkness around him was suddenly streaked by lightning and there followed a crash of thunder which seemed to split the sky open.

There was another rumble in the distance. For a moment he thought it was thunder, but there was no lightning now and, instead of rumbling to silence, the roar seemed to grow louder and louder, seemed to come closer. The smell in the air was of mud and weeds and of water rushing forward, gathering speed and horrible power.

He wondered briefly about the Jones family. Then, instinct, that neither reasoned nor was afraid of consequences, made him throw the shovel to the ground and start running, instinct that was life itself running for safety, not toward the Jones house but toward the side of the valley where his father's and mother's house stood for everything that was safe and sure.

The lightning flashed oftener now and the thunder almost shut out that other steady, awful roar. He must go faster, faster . . . faster. If his Pa were only here he would not be afraid. He would put him on his shoulder and in a few, long strides they would be on the slope; they would be on top of the hill looking down upon this terror instead of being a part of it.

His breath seemed to be dragging the life out of him, each breath came harder, making his side and his shoulder hurt, making his thin legs tremble beneath him and his heart pound. He couldn't go very much farther but he must . . . must . . . must. He could see the water now like some great animal in the

distance moving toward him, belching foam and slime and death.

He thought, briefly, if I lie down with my face to the ground it will all be over in a hurry. It won't hurt much. Then he looked up. He saw something like the face of God. He saw his father and Tip on the upland, coming toward him. His father was calling loudly, "Hurry, boy, *hurry!*"

HE saw Tip leaping and barking like one possessed; he thought he saw the look in Pa's face, and suddenly he became as light as the thistle he had often held in his hand for the wind to whisk away. His feet that had dragged before were winged things, carrying him forward, until his father was meeting him on the slope, was lifting him above the roar and chaos of the flood waters that lapped greedily over the place where, a moment before, he had been.

He was safe. Safe against the warm, firm shoulder that smelled of sweat and man. He could hear the loud clap-clap of his father's heart against his own. He closed his eyes for a moment. Then he heard Tip making strange noises . . . But there was no reason for him to yip now, no reason to bark so frantically.

He looked at Pa and Pa answered the question in his eyes with the words, "He's caught in some weeds. The flood's got him."

"Tip," Denny cried, wiggling to get down. "I gotta get him, Pa. I got to."

Once down, he started toward the slope where the dog was entangled in briar bushes and the limb of a tree. A few large rocks formed a

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cove that for the moment prevented him from going forward with the heaving torrent.

His father's hand on his shoulder stopped him. "You can't do it, Denny. The hill's slippery. One misstep and you'll be a goner. Come on boy. We'll git you another dog."

His voice was gentle, his touch was kind. Denny started to turn, blindly, then he looked at the dog, saw the mute trust in his eyes, heard the expectant whine. Denny said, "You weren't scared of bein' drowned when you and him run out to get me. I gotta save him, Pa."

Unconsciously, he had been seeking means and ways. Now, without stopping, he ran toward the trunk of a tree on the edge of the hill, climbed it and, with the agility of a cat, was out on the longest limb. He was soon near the end of it. It was going down beneath his weight, nearer and nearer to the water. Once, twice, he reached out for Tip, only to miss him. The third time, he cried, "Here, Tip. Here, old boy."

The dog seemed actually to stretch itself upward to meet the hand that was ready to close upon his fur, to lift him to safety. Holding the dog carefully, Denny moved slowly backward on the limb. His father was there to lift the two of them with the largest, gentlest hands in the whole world, he guessed.

They reached the house. Ma kissed him again and again, then put him to bed and spooned hot milk into his mouth, though he protested stoutly that he was all right and wanted to stay up. Pa, stand-

ing at the foot of the bed, told him, "Mind yer Ma, now. That's good for what ails you."

He must have fallen asleep, for when he opened his eyes he was alone in the room and the shades were drawn against the sunlight, which had returned as swiftly as it had gone. Tip was lying beside the bed. As Denny lifted his head, the dog's ears came up, his tail thumped the floor, his body quivered for recognition. Denny turned down the clean sheet and his hand went down to tangle in the damp fur of the dog's neck, "Good old Tip," he whispered, "good boy."

Lying back again, he reached over with his free hand to pull the shade from the window. Outside, he could see the trees just as he remembered them . . . real and sure.

From the other room he could hear his parents talking. His Pa was saying, "Yes, the boy there had a close call, mighty close, Ma." And after a strange silence during which the boy heard his father clear his throat and make a sound like a choked, unwilling sob, the man went on, "Ma, he's a fine, upstanding lad . . I . . I . . . ."

His voice broke again. Denny felt his heart leap against his ribs. Tenderness rose in him as the flood waters had risen in the valley. When he was younger—yesterday, perhaps—he would have wept. Now, he felt ashamed of tears, of his own, of his father's. Suddenly, he understood many things, mostly about his Pa. His only sign of the emotion within him was the tightening of his fingers in the dog's damp fur, a rather husky whisper to the dog, "Sissy . . . ."

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From Near and Far

(Address comments for "From Near and Far" to *Relief Society Magazine*, 28 Bishop's Bldg., Salt Lake City 1, Utah)

The authors of our April short stories are already well known to readers of the *Magazine*.

Christie Lund Coles, author of "The Boy There," will be remembered for her beautifully written serial "Faith Is A Heritage" (April 1946—January 1947), for her many exquisite frontispiece poems, her outstanding short stories, and particularly for her poem "In Time of War" which was awarded first prize in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest in 1943. Mrs. Coles has had poetry and stories published in national magazines of wide circulation. She is the wife of E. E. Coles, Provo, Utah, and the mother of a teen-age daughter Christie Caroline.

Mary Ek Knowles, author of "Thunderstorm," a member of Ogden's Blue Quill writers group, was awarded first prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest in 1945 and third prize in 1944. Mrs. Knowles has sold stories to leading national magazines, as well as to many local publications. She is the mother of three children, a daughter, and two young sons. Also, she finds time to serve as president of the Twenty-third Ward, Y. W. M. I. A.

Hazel King Todd, Jerome, Idaho, author of "Through the Darkness," is the busy mother of five children, including twins. Her contribution to the *Magazine* "Sweeter Than Any Story" was published in the special short story issue for April 1948. Mrs. Todd's husband is a bishop and she finds that her children and her Church work occupy nearly all of her time, but she manages an occasional story which reveals her artistic gifts and her deep sympathies.

Carol Read Flake, author of "And All Eternity," Boise, Idaho, is a former missionary. Mrs. Flake has five children, four sons and a daughter, the oldest nine and the youngest two. Her story "Sudden Storm" appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine*, September 1948. Recently she won a $750 prize in a national story contest.

Norma Wrathall, author of "Grantsville and the Desert," has been a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine* since 1941. Her story "All That Glitters" was awarded first prize in the 1943 short story contest and her latest story "A New Stove for Mother" was published in April 1948. Mrs. Wrathall, the mother of four children, has recently moved from Grantsville to Murray, Utah. The land on which President J. Reuben Clark's ranch home in Grantsville now stands was once owned by Mrs. Wrathall's grandfather, and later her father lived on the property.

* * * *

I enjoy the *Magazine* so much and wish to express my admiration for Anna Prince Redd for the efforts she put forth in getting material for those stories about the settling of Arizona localities and her art in presenting such interesting facts that should not be forgotten. Also, I do appreciate material submitted by Alice Morey Bailey and others. The stories of pioneer life by Amy Brown Lyman were most inspiring. All the material published in the *Magazine* is very high type or so I appraise it.

—Evelyn C. Leigh, Los Angeles, Calif.

I am second counselor of our Relief Society here in Pago Pago, and I would like to tell the other women all the nice things in the *Magazine*. A missionary gave me an October (1948) issue and I cried when I read "The Russells Did Not Go to Church." If I should tell you all the things I like in the *Magazine*, I think it would take too much of your time. But anyway I like it so much that I am subscribing for it.

—Jane Barber, Pago Pago, Samoa

I cannot begin to tell you how very thrilled I was to have my poem "Give Love" (January 1949) in print and see it on my birthday, December 27th.

—Gertrude T. Koven, Provo, Utah

The Relief Society Magazine has for many years been a real source of information, comfort, and inspiration to me. Many of my perplexing problems have been answered through its pages.

—Doratha Skipper, Sonoma, California

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